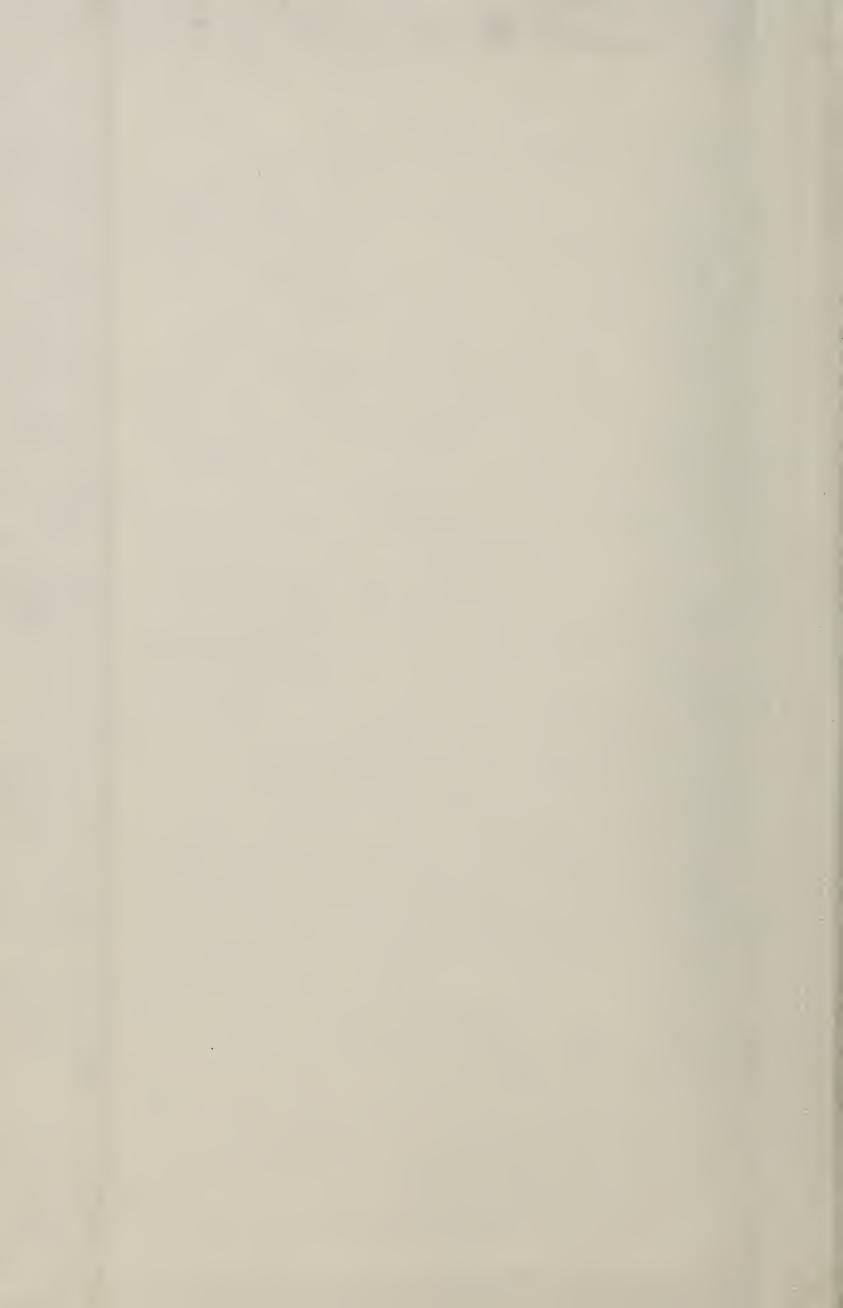
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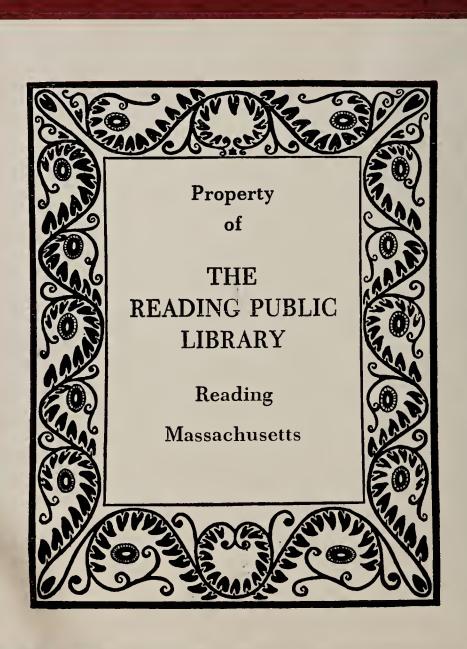


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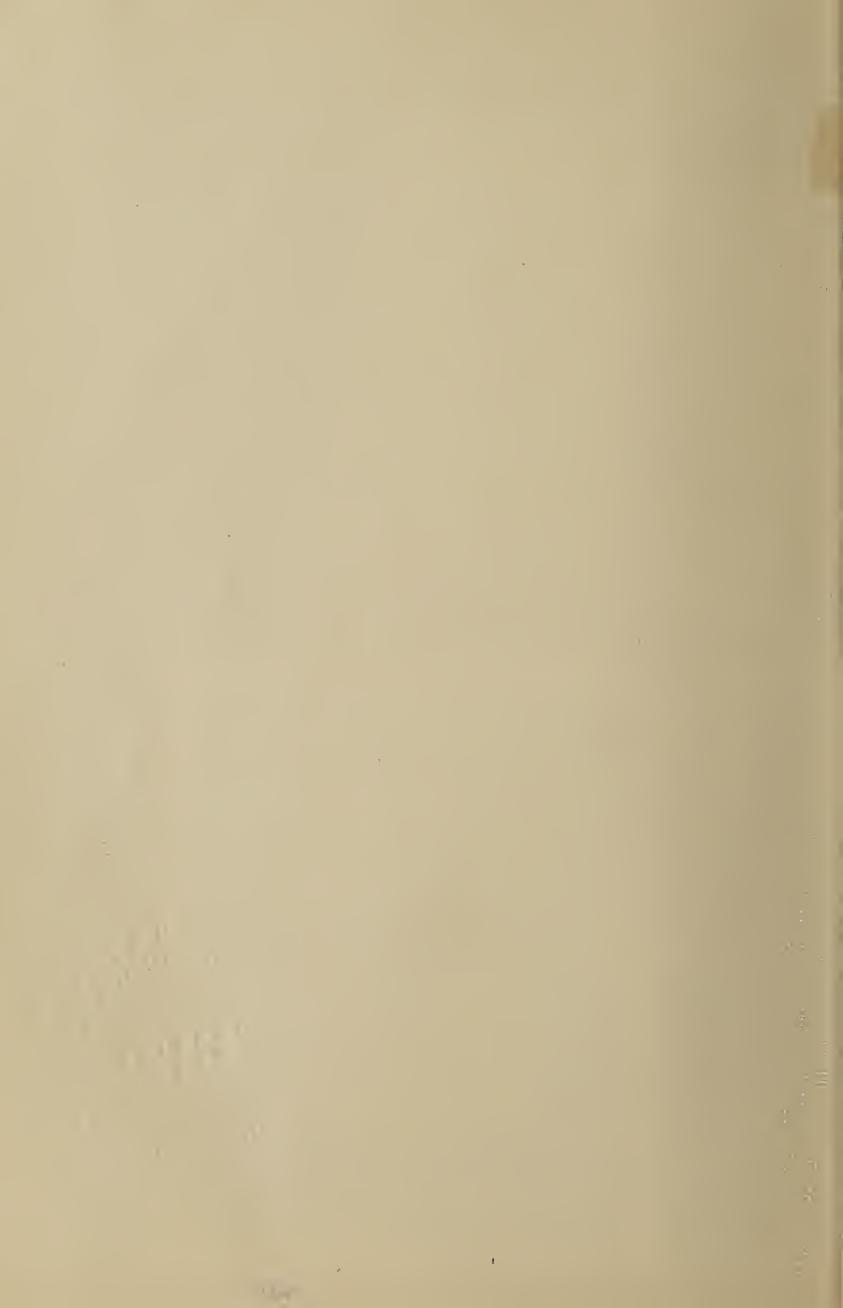
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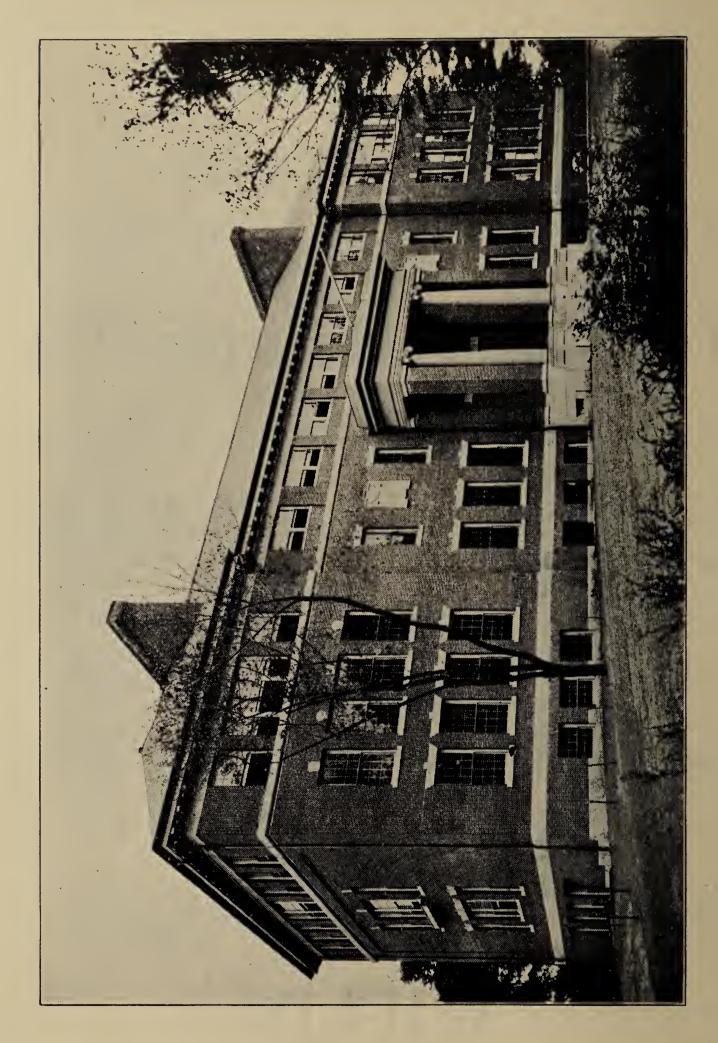
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The Pianeer

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EDITORIAL.

The year just past has been an eventful one for Reading High School. After two years of shortened periods and crowded classrooms we have, this year, carried on our work under conditions which compared with our former circumstances seem almost ideal. The new building which has been so anxiously awaited has proved all that was anticipated. Some may remember with regret the double seats of the old building, but all must admit that the present method of seating is much more conducive to study. The longer periods also, give more time for work in class and shorten "home lessons," so that a full year's work which the greatest effort could barely accomplish last year, has been performed without difficulty. The harmonious surroundings and greater facilities not only add to the ease and rapidity of school work but make it pleasanter. We now look back on our old days of trial with pleasure as things past and gone, never to return. We are sorry for the classes which have known our day of gloom and not our day of gladness, but for ourselves we do not lament. The new building was worth waiting for.

School spirit although it is manifested in every branch of school activity, is perhaps, displayed to its best advantage in athletics, for here that is good or bad in a school usually comes to the surface. We may call attention, therefore, to the attitude of our school in athletic matters, as a thing, not only good in itself, but reflecting the general atmosphere of the school. During the past year the right sort of interest has been evident in all our sports, among both players and spectators. All our teams, whether representing the school or the different classes, have been heartily supported by the student body and, at the same time, enthusiasm has never degenerated into hoodlumism. Fair and generous treatment of the opposing team has been a feature of our contests with other schools.

Almost everyone in the school is a member of the athletic association and by the promptness with which the dues have been paid and the efforts of the students to make the annual concert given for the benefit of this organization a success, the R. H. S. A. A. is, for the first time in its history, clear of debt, with a substantial balance in the treasury.

Without doubt the influence of our new surroundings has had a good deal to do with bringing these things to pass. With the advantage gained by a year's residence in the new building, we may look forward to accomplishing even more next year than we have this.

Interclass basket ball is an innovation made possible by our gymnasium, which has been available for practice though not for games. By means of the two leagues, one for boys and one for girls, about sixty pupils have been able to take part in this popular sport and the whole school has been furnished amusement, once a week, throughout the winter. Next year the interest promises to be even greater. It looks as if this form of school athletics were here to stay.

After the town had spent ninety-two thousand dollars for a building there was no money left for interior decoration and the works of art which we brought with us were scarcely enough to relieve the bareness. The work of beautifying the interior of our new structure must, therefore, fall to the lot of others. The greatest interest has been taken in this work by the public-spirited individuals and organizations of the town. To all who have thus assisted us we wish to extend the hearty thanks of the school.

[&]quot;A sensitive fellow named Paul.
Danced one eve at a very swell ball,
But he wasn't the fad
So he went crazy mad,
Then the ambulance came—and that's
all!"

AN ATTEMPT THAT FAILED.

"At last," exclaimed Tobias Jinks, "my work is completed. This great and wonderful flying machine is now quite ready for a trip to the Planets. Today I shall bid farewell to Ah, they will laugh and friends. They are behind the times. sneer! They do not understand the power of the greatest invention of the twentieth century. Let them laugh and sneer and call me a fool if they will! Tomorrow Tob Jinks will have soared far above this earth, and be king and conqueror of Jupiter and Mars."

The morrow came. Rain fell and wind moaned. It was the day that Tobias Jinks was to bid farewell to earthly things. Men, women and children turned out to shout a doubtful "Bon voyage" to the future king of higher realms. At last he made his appearance arrayed for the journey. He stepped into the "Soarer," holding a blue cotton umbrella in one hand and a lever with the other. glittered sadly in his eye and trailed its course down his brown cheek. After all it was a great undertaking,and Tobias loved a warm bed and a good dinner.

The good parson bade him read his Bible and say his prayers every night, and a kind-hearted matron filled his pockets with seed cakes. Tobias pushed the lever ever so little, and the wonderful "Soarer" began to soar. The crowd shrieked their last adieus. Earth and earthly things soon faded out of his sight. A ravenous seized the fragile craft and blew the umbrella into space. The explorer changed his mind at this exciting point and would have returned to resume his lowly position, but fate decreed higher things for him. Upward and upward the little bark flew. "Soarer" was made to soar, and soar it did, far above the little birds, far above the fleecy clouds. The left and the right, above and below, was cold dark space. Not a star twinkled in the blackness.

"I am lost," groaned Tobias, "I shall go on forever into eternity,—supperless and bedless." Then there was a mighty roar! Then a vivid flash of fiames, and a great volume of fire shot down upon him.

Tobias opened his eyes. The mellow sunbeams were streaming through his curtains. He was in his own warm bed

"Ah, this is the day I was to start out on my perilous journey," sighed Tobias. "But Jinks is a wiser man." Like a thief in the night he sneaked down the stairs and into the workshop where the innocent "Soarer" awaited his majesty. With a horrible grin on his face he struck it a blow with the axe which shattered its slender rigging to splinters and threads.

"If dreams came true," murmured Tobias, as he gazed on the humble wreck.

ETTA M. DOYLE.

THE SOPHOMORES AS SEEN BY A FRESHMAN.

The Sophomore year in the high school is known as the period of great Old methods of living are changes. discarded as "childish," "outgrown," and things new and strange take their places. It is during this year that the boys make their first appearance in long trousers, amidst the jeers of their companions. The girls, too, go through the trying process of having their skirts lengthened, and they greatly increase their hair ribbons, perhaps better to fit the enlarged heads that accompany this period of development. A Sophomore girl who appears in public with anything less than three yards loses caste immediately.

The boys begin to adopt individual styles of hair-dressing, which by the time they are Seniors will have developed into some distinctive creation like that known as the Canty pompadour or the Weston fluff. The girls, too, are initiated into all the

mysteries of a coronet braid, the marcel wave, the Eames pompadour and the like.

The boys begin to pay special attention to their socks, and in order to display the beauties of their footwear to the admiring multitude, whom they fondly imagine there, sit with their trousers so high, it is difficult to decide whether or not they have yet discarded the Freshman's official rai-Neckties, too, begin to claim the accustomed amount than more attention, and many are before the hours weary spent wrestling with inmirror of a four-in-hand 01tricacies The girls discard the onebow tie. piece dresses worn by the Freshman and blossom forth in shirtwaist and skirt costumes bristling with safety pins to keep the newly acquired waist line intact. Altogether, appearances begin to assume much greater proportions during the Sophomore year than ever before.

In speech, too, a great gulf springs up between the Sophomores and Freshmen. The boys address each other as "Fellows" and attract another's attention by a whack on the shoulder, instead of nudges as heretofore. girls begin to call each other "my dear" and they carefully reduce their vecabulary as nearly as possible to "simply" and "perfectly." These words, when used in conjunction with any adjectives whatever, lend much elegance and force to ordinary con-"Simply" is considered versation. even stronger than "perfectly." combinations much in vogue among Sophomores are "perfectly grand" and darling," and these phrases "simply are used in describing everything from the new teacher's appearance to the way Mr. Maxwell leads the chorus. What wonder that when we contemplate these great dignities that accompany the rank and station of a Sophomore we can scarcely await to assume such glories ourselves!

DOROTHY DAVIES.

ALPHABET OF CLASS OF '07.

- A stands for Asunta, an actress to be.
- B stands for Buck, our president is he
- C stands for Clare, who at ball does excel.
- D stands for Dotty, who keeps up with her well.
- E stands for Edith, Ethel and Etta, three little girls, none could be better.
- F stands for Frances, a friend of the girls.
- G stands for Gertrude, whose pretty hair curls.
- H stands for Helen, who giggles all day.
- I stands for me who with Helen does play.
- J stands for Jennie, and also for Jean.
- K stands for knowledge, on which we must lean.
- L stands for Lee, a dear little lass.
- M stands for Marion, gem of the class.
- N stands for naughty, which none of us are.
- O stands for 'otty seven Rah! Rah!
- P stands for Perry, a hard name to rhyme.
- Q stands for Quinlan, who is always? on time.
- R stands for Rachel, stately and tall.
- S stands for Sumner, respected by all.
- T stands for Tim, who a druggist will be.
- U stands for Upton, our musical prodigy.
- V stands for Violet, our studious one. W stands for Winship, who creates lots of fun.
- X Y Z and my verses are through.
 And now schoolmates, I must say
 "Skidoo."

I never do my books deface,
Or marks put in.
I understood from sources good
It was a sin.
Yet every year I books erase
By dread fiat,
They come to me with marks, you see,
Now, why is that?

"GREAT AUNT ORISSA."

"Am on my wedding trip. Have the nicest woman that ever lived. Will visit you in a week.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM."

This was the telegram that Mr. Greyson received one morning from his brother in the west.

"Well, I hope Will has married well, we were always afraid he would be a black sheep as he is so much younger than the rest of us boys, but perhaps going west has done him good," he laughed.

"Imagine Will married!" said his wife, and then both laughed at the thought of it.

Regie and Hattie jumped for joy when they were told that Uncle Willie would come with his wife.

"I hope she ain't big an' cross an' got two chins an' awful strict," sighed little Hattie.

"O" moaned Regie "I hope if SHE is, she ha'nt changed Uncle illie and—O Hattie, YOU don't know him 'cause you was too young, I do and he's per i me.

It was the next Saturday when Mrs. Greyson looked out the window and beheld to her surprise a middle aged stranger coming up the avenue. She walked with firm steps and steady gait and came up the steps with decision. The bell rang and Mrs. Greyson appeared at the door.

She gave the stranger a pleasant "Good afternoon." The stranger nodded in reply and then began, "I suppose you received my letter saying that I was coming. Will is at New York sightseeing and will come later."

She was politely asked in and given the room arranged for William and his wife.

It is needless to say that the Greysons were disappointed. Could this stern, solemn woman be Will's wife? None dared to ask questions, but

where was her husband? Was it natural that a newly married man COULD leave his wife to go sight-seeing and send her along in this way?

Regie and Hattie fretted and pouted, Mrs. Greyson worried and Mr. Greyson grumbled. Why didn't William come?

* * * *

It was in the pantry which looked out to the street that a conversation was going on. "Aunt Orissa" as she asked to be called was taking her nap, the children were at play and father and mother Greyson were in the pantry.

"I don't understand it," began Mr. Greyson. "I won't offend her to ask about Will. She is his wife, a pecular choice, I admit, and she shall be treated in the best of ways while she remains." The tears of discouragement filled Mrs. Greyson's eyes as she went to the pantry window.

"Who can that be in the carriage coming up our avenue" she exclaimed, and then they hurried to the front door to greet whoever it might be.

William Greyson was the man who stepped from the carriage and to their great surprise assisted a beautiful young lady to alignt.

They rushed forward and before William could introduce his bride she shook hands with all and laughingly said, "We've come, at last, and I hope Willie's wife will not disappoint you. I suppose Miss Trant has arrived. We did not hear from her."

By this time they were in the parlor and Miss Orissa Trant came from her nap and in her stiff way shook hands with William and his REAL wife.

Mrs. Greyson went back to the hall with the wraps and at that minute the mail man came.

"I'm sorry" he said "ma'am, but I never noticed this house up the avenue. I'm a new man, you see, so here's the mail since Nov. 2."

Was there ever such a commotion? The first letter she opened read thus:

"My dear Nephew George,—No doubt you have heard your mother tell of her only sister. It is she that is writing. It has always been my desire to get acquainted with my relatives. I have met William and have accompanied him on his wedding trip a short distance. I will errive at your house Wednesday for a short visit to you and your family.

Yours truly, ORISSA TRANT."

Amazed beyond her control Mis. Greyson went back to the parlor and, as she tucked the letter in her husband's pocket asked him to take the suit case to William's room—a thing which the hackman had already done. He went away, glad of a chance to collect his wits.

In an hour everything was all right. Little Hattie was bound to say "GREAT Aunt Orissa" and "LITTLE Aunt Marion."

After tea Aunt Marion was playing toss with Regie and Uncle Will while Hattie was sitting on her father's knee jealous. "Spose she'll play dolls with me?" she asked.

Papa Greyson smiled. Aunt Orissa merely said, "Does William's wife give you satisfaction?"

"She's a jewel" said he, "Will couldn't have done better."

BERNICE A. BATCHELDER.

SCHOOL IN 2000 A. D.

Let us look in upon the flourishing high school students of 2000 A. D. It is 8.15 the time for school to begin but as there has been a dance the night before the enterprising students have not arrived, so school is postponed until nine. At nine the chimes ring softly to announce to the eager students (about seventy-five on this particular morning) that school is in session. After the opening exercises the students pile out of the hall knock-

ing over the chairs and tripping each other up much to the delight of the principal and teachers who clap their hands with fiendish glee.

At ten the baseball squad is dismissed to practice as they must win the pennant and receive a beautiful tobacco jar and a pippin for each member on the team. The students are allowed to sleep during recitations as three of the teachers were matrons the night before.

At recess the boys sit around mahogany tables and smoke and have lunch brought to them while the girls also sit around tables drinking tea and playing whist.

After recess the recitations are hurried through and at one the school is dismissed. But alas a few unlucky pupils who neglected to knock over chairs and trip each other up and behaved nicely through the day must return at three.

At the three o'clock session only 47 have to return on this particular day. During the three o'clock session the poor students are forced to eat ice cream and cake and when they are let out they go and secure tickets for the theatre that night that they may be bright and fresh for school the next morning.

A. G. WINSHIP.

JUNIOR FRENCH TRANSLATIONS. "Nous ne nous embrasserons pas parce que nous ne nous embrassons jamais."

"We will not kiss each other because we have never been kissed."

"Me voila! there is me."

English Teacher—"What kind of a question is it which is asked for effect—which does not expect an answer?" Long Silence.

"Well, I sometimes ask such questions."

Miss P-rk--r (who has suffered) suddenly inspired, "Sarcastic?"

VEXATIONS OF THE TELEPHONE.

Hello! exclaimed the man at the phone. Is that four-double-one, Chester?

Yes, sonswered the man at the other end of the wire.

Is Mr. Parson there?

Who?

Parson! Parson!

I don't catch the name.

The voices, already loud, became stentorian now.

I said Parson!

Parker?

No! What's the matter with this telephone anyhow? Parson!

Harper?

Naw! Parson! P-a-r-s-o-n! Parson! Get it now?

Oh, Parson. Yes I believe there is a man of that name in the next room. Shall I call him to the phone? If you please.

Then he added in a much lower tone, and speaking to himself, "A man that can't hear it thunder oughtn't to try to talk through a telephone"

Whereupon he distinctly heard the response, also in a low tone; "A man with a fog-horn voice doesn't need a telephone. Let him get up on the roof and shout."

This incident shows it is not always the fault of the telephone.

FLORENCE TURNER.

EDMUND RANDOLPHE BROWNE

. "Are you going?" called Louisa from the giazza.

"Sure thing! where?" shouted the boy coming up the path from the shore. He stumped up the steps and flopped in the hammock, swung his long legs up, adjusted two or three pillows under his head and then gazed calmly at his sister.

"Now what's up? Where am I to chaperon you this time?" he asked "Don't be sarcastic, Jack," said his sister, "because you don't know how to do it well and besides, you know per-

feetly well that when you and Ruth Kensington go anywhere, I have to do the chaperoning."

"Um-m-m! Ruth's going, is she? that changes matters. You might mention where it is that we are going."

"Didn't you see the poster on the wharf about the Minstrel Show at Camp to-night? The launth is coming over at 6.45 to get us."

A lady and a boy of ten had come on the piazza in time to hear Louise's last sentence.

"Edmund Randolphe wints to go to the Minstrel Show too," said Mrs. Browne, "and I was wondering if he might go with you, Miss Foster. I am so timid about going on the water myself."

Edmund Randolphe clung to his mother's hand and blushed bash ully at the mention of his name.

Louise glanced quickly at her brother and replied, promptly, "Why cer ainly, Mrs. Browne, he may go with us. I'm sure that Jack will be pleased to lock out for him."

Jack glowered at his sister and mumbled something about seeing to the kid all right. The minu e Mrs. Browne and Edmund Rando'phe were out of sight he said in a hoarse whisper, "And I'll see to you too, Sis, for palming off on to me a sissymummer's-cherub-boy like that. Something might happen to the kid and then you'll be sorry." Louise laughed so at him that he found the pizzza uncomfortable and he went down to the shore whistling a mournful tune.

At the time appointed a crowd of jolly summer people was assembled on the wharf, waiting for the launch. Edmund Randolphe, in a stiffly starched white suit, kept tight hold of Jack Foster's hand, much to the amusement of everyone but Jack.

When they reached the island and were seated at last,—Edmund Randolphe wedged tightly between Jack, and Ruth Kensington,— Jack whispered to his charge, "Say, Edmund

Randolphe, I don't believe anything will happen to you if you let go my hand now."

Edmund Randolphe unclasped his tight grip and just then the curtain was drawn aside and he was launched in a hurly-burly of joyous boys' songs and ridiculous jokes such as he had never heard before. The Minstrel Show was a long one and when the last grand chorus had been shouted uproariously by the boy performers, Edmund Randolphe seized Jack's hand once more.

It was a black night for there was no moon and the stars shown dimly through the branches of the pine trees as the gay company, guided by boys with bobbing lanterns, followed the path to the wharf. Jack tried hard to walk beside Ruth Kensington, but as Edmund Randolphe's clasp was tighter than ever and as the path was not wide enough for three, he gave it up in despair. It was about half-tide and it came time for the ladies to get down the perpendicular ladder to the float where the launch As the float had drifted was moored. about two feet away from the wharf, a plank had been placed from the bottom rung of the ladder to the float and it took three men and two lanto land each lady safely terns the launch.

Jack was on the wharf, leaning against the railing and thinking of hew Edmund Randolphe had spoiled his evening with Ruth, when suddenly his heart gave a jump. He missed Edmund Randolphe's warm clasp. He started to shoulder his way through the crowd when he heard a startled cry and then an ominous splash. rushed to the edge just in time to see Edmund Randolphe's big white straw sailor hat floating in the inky black water between the float and the wharf. Then a white scared face came to the surface. A dozen hands were ready to pull the boy out. Jack was quickly on the float and took Edmund Randolphe into the cabin of the launch. With chattering teeth the boy tried to explain,—while Jack was pulling sweaters of every description over his dripping head,—that he knew that he had been in Jack's way and that he wasn't ever going to take hold of people's hands anymore and that he walked right off the wharf into the water before he knew it. Jack saw the look of determination on Edmund Randolphe's face and he knew there was grit in the youngster after all.

"Look here, Edmund Randolphe," he said, "I'm awful sorry you went overboard, but perhaps after all, it has waked you up. And if you will let me call you 'Ned,' and if you will promise never to tag after people again make a boy of you yet."

Edmund Randolphe grinned as well as his wiggling jaws would let him and he said, "And I promise, not to get in your way any more when you want to walk with Miss Kensington." He stretched out his cold little paw and they shook on it.

By the end of the summer, under Jack's careful tutoring, Edmund Randolphe had graduated to Ned Browne.

GENEVIEVE BOSSON, 1907.

Oh, seats, false seats, within the hall where we would dances give,

Ye are too fair and delicate within this world to live.

Yea, fair ye are, oh, passing fair,
Most passing fair we know,
Each knock and jar your looks will
mar,

Why did they make ye so?

[&]quot;As we looked out the window we thought it was spring,

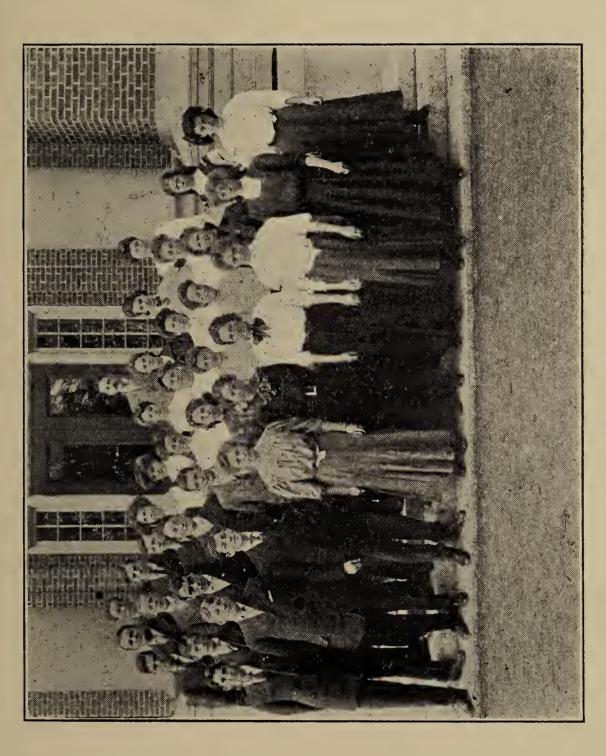
We saw the green grass—we heard the birds sing.

But our birds turned to frogs and alas, the green grass,

Proved to be the reflection of our Freshman class."

Back Row: Malcolm Buck, Sumner Whittier, Hollis Marshall, Rachel Smith, Asunta Michelini, Violet B. Robinson, Helen Stewart, Marion Walsh, Carrie Upton.

Arthur Winship, John O'Brien, Timothy Canty, Bertha Lee, Edith Buckle, Mary L. Cullinane, Annie Davis, Lealia Jones. 3d Row:



CLASS '07, R. H. S.

Arthur Batchelder, Louis Eisenhaure, Henry Mullarky, Joseph Quinlan, Genevieve Bosson, Etta Doyle, Bella Muse, Bernice Batchelder, Dotty Hodson. 2d Row:

Front Row: Leonard Bartlett, William Esterberg, Donald Ramsay, Florence Turner, Nellie McGarry, Gertrude Gran. field, Ethel Turner, Clare Killam,

QUOTATIONS.

PROLOGUE.

"The time has come," the Walrus said;

"To talk of many things,

Of shoes and ships and sealing wax. Of cabbages and kings,

And why the sea is full of salt And whether pigs have wings."

SCHOOL COMMITTEE—"No reason ask, our reason is our will."

Mr. WATKINS—"On you, my lord, in anxious fear, I wait."

MR. REDDEN—"Wit now and then, struck sharply, shows a spark."

MISS CLAPP—"To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine."

MISS ABBOTT—"I shall in all my best obey you madam."

MISS GROVER—"Her smile is hope her frown despair."

MISS RAND—"The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind."

MISS SMITH-

"Satire's my weapon but I'm too discreet

To run amuck and tilt at all I meet"
MISS GORDON—"A smile that glowed
Celestial rosy red."

MR. MAXWELL—"I taught thee how to pour in song."

MISS PARKER—

"O'er nature's form to glance the eye And fix by mimic light and shade Her morning tinges ere they fly—Her evening blushes 'ere they fade."

MISS LERNER—"The world knows only two, that's Rome and I."

MISS WIER—"The power of thought—the magic of the mind."

MISS COOMBS—"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

LOUIS EISENHAURE—"From his cradle he was a scholar and a ripe and good one."

VIOLET ROPFNSON—TEvery reditor of newspapers pays tribute to the devil."

GENEVIEVE BOSSON—"And mistress of herself though China fall."

HELEN STEWART—"I chatter, chatter, as I go."

BERNICE BATCHELDER—"Why so pale and wan, fond lover, Prithee why so pale?"

HOLLIS MARSHALL—"See me, how calm I am."

ARTHUR WINSHIP—"Struck blind with beauty! Shot by a woman's smile."

IRVING AUSTIN—"The man who blushes is not quite a brute."

CARRIE UPTON-

"There ain't no use that I can see In all this fuss and flurry;

This world belongs to Gcd and me And I can let Him worry."

MARION WALSH-

"Our Marion's a salad, for in her we see

Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree."

LEALIA JONES—

"A maiden never bold of spirit; So still and quiet that her very motion Blushed at herself."

CLARE KILLAM-

'Their smiles and censures are to me the same;

I care not what they praise or what they blame."

MALCOLM BUCK-

"No lean, cadaverous youth was he, But mith and joy and jollity

Beamed from his face, awhile dull care

Knocked at his heart, finding no entrance there."

WILLIAM ESTERBERG—"He could play the fool rarely; and to do that requires some little wit."

ETHEL and FLORENCE TURNER—
"Behold you pair in strict embraces
joined

How like in manners and how like in mind."

TIMOTHY CANTY-

"Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser:

I answer no, no, for he always was

Too courteous perhaps or obligingly flat,

His very worst foe can't accuse him of that."

ETTA DOYLE—"The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good."

HENRY MULLARKY—"'Tis not wit merely, but a temper which must form the wellbred man."

GERTRUDE GRANFIELD—"Do you not know I am a woman? When I think I must speak."

EDITH BUCKLE-

"There was a young lady said "Why Can't I look in my ear with my eye? If I put my mind to it I'm sure I can do it You never can tell till you try."

ARTHUR BATCHELDER—"Love is blind, and lovers cannot see the pretty follies that themselves commit."

RACHEL SMITH-

"Heart on her lips and soul with n her eyes,

Soft as her clime and sunny as her skies."

BERTHA LEE—"Simplicity, of all things, is the hardest to be copied." AGNES CONNELLY—

"Not only good and kind, But strong and elevated was her

mind."

MARY CULLINANE—

"By the kindness of her ways
She made sweet the sourcest days."
DONALD RAMSAY—

"Some hae meat that canna eat, And some wad eat that want it; But we hae meat and we can eat, Sae let the Lord be thankit."

BELLA MUSE-

"Well spelled was shee in needlework

Egyptian shee could speak, Could manufacture griddle cakes And jest in ancient Greek (?)"

ELLEN McGARRY—"One of those who win our hearts by show of sympathy."

FRANCIS JOHNSON—"Just for a handful of silver he left us."

SUMNER WHITTIER—

"Strange to the world he wore a bashful look.

The fields, his study: Nature was his book."

ANNIE DAVIS—"A merry heat goes all the day."

JOSEPH QUINLAN—"He can write and read and cast accompt. O monstrous!"

JENNIE PARKER—"Bonnie brown eyes are the eyes for me."

MARION PERRY—"For she was jes' the quiet kind whose natures never vary."

DOTTY HODSON—"Love me little; love me long."

LEONARD BARTLETT-

"A kind and gentle heart he had To comfort friends and foes."

JOHN O'BRIEN—"As man; false man; smiling, destructive man,"

NELSON WESTON—"Hunt half a cay for a forgotten dream."

HAZEL WILCOX-

"Or light, or dark, or short, or tall, She sets a springe to snare them all:

All's one to her—above her fan She'd make sweet eves at Caliban." ASUNTA MICHELINI—"And both were young and one was beautiful." THE EDITORS—"Work, Work, Work." CLASS OF '07—"Let them freely feast, sing and dance, have their puppet plays, hobby horses, tabors, crowds, bagpipes, etc.; play at ball, and barley-breaks, and what sports and recreations they like best."

CLASS OF '08—"O, rare the head piece if but brains were there."
CLASS OF '09—"Go wise, so young!

not a vanity is given in vain 'CLASS OF '10—'All eye, all ear.'

ENGLISH IV. A.—"Oh let me sleep, and do not wake me yet."

EPILOGUE.

"And now, gentlemen. PAX VOBIS-CUM as the ass said to the cabbages."

"Now I lay me down to rest

For tomorrow's awful test,

If I die before I wake.

Heaven be praised, no test I'll take."

'10.

JUST BIRDS.

On the Fourth of July the eagle will scream,

Symbolical he of the free;

Ere I run out of ink I'll convince you I think.

There's a bird that is nobler than he.

Next, as a bird, comes the staid old hen,

Whose life is a round of woe,

If you feed her on yeast cakes to raise the eggs,

In winter you'll raise the dough.

The quail, next in line, if in season, is fine,

Though you'll find that of these there's no host;

When you ask your best girl to go with you to dine,

And she orders the small bird on toast.

There's a knowing black bird that you all must have heard,

He is not the best bird ever was,

We know not the reason just why he should live,

But there could be no crows without "caws."

You all must have heard of the Thanksgiving bird.,

Oft of him you have been a partaker, After cleaning your dish how often you wish,

For some ginger from far off Jamaica.

The Vulture you'll find very careless of diet,

Eats any old thing without stopping to fry it,

Eats bottles and can openers, old window-screens,

But wisely abstains from canned Boston Baked Beans.

These are some of the birds
And they each have their place,
I could name many more,
But I have not the space,

There's a bird to my mind, Who surpasses them all, He is not very large, But exceedingly tall.

Some birds fly by day,
And some fly by night,
This bird only flies when he thinks it
is right,
He is here in the winter,
He's here in the fall,
In the summer he's here,
He can't leave us at all,
He comes any day at any old time,
In any old weather, in any old cline,
When the birds see him coming,
They take to the woods,
For the stork is the bird that delivers
the goods.

"No, my child, harpies did not wander around singing ballads. 'Twas harpers. But I see you have been listening to the Junior Latin class.

Ye baskets on ye desks, "My paper's out so nearly." Alas, 'tis ever thus.

"To push a High school paper Is very little fun, Not even tho' the pushers Could get a little 'mon.'"

'10.

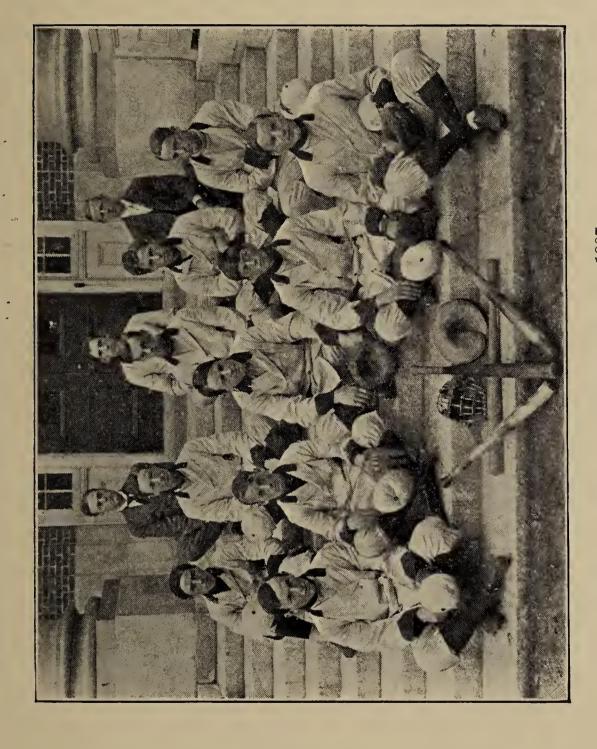
Botany Teacher—"What is a willow eatkin?"

Bright Freshman—"An old pussy." '10.

BY A LATIN GRIND.

"All are dead who wrote it:
All are dead who spoke it:
All must die who learn it:
Welcome death! they earn it."

'10.



R. H. S. BASE BALL TEAM, 1907

Middle Row: Michelini sub., Kingman 2b, Stembridge sub., Flint of and p, Chase p Front Row: L. Devaney ss, Trenholm If, M. Devaney 1b (Captain), Holmes rf, Eames 3b

ATHLETICS.

At the beginning of the football season the question of football or fall baseball came up and was finally settled by both teams being started. In a short time the football team was forced to disband on account of lack of material. The baseball team played several games and was useful in developing players for this season.

At first the basket ball outlook was not promising as barely enough men for a team could be obtained and only two of these, Kingman and Captain Underhill, were experienced players. Interest was started in the sport, however, by the formation of an interclass league. New players came to light and all got the necessary practice in headwork and quick thinking which comes only in close exciting games. As the result a fast heady team was developed which improved steadily throughout the season and ended by a brilliant victory over Mitchell's Academy team, accounted a crack-a-jack prep school organization. The prospects for a good team next season are excellent, as we do not lose a player. Eames has been elected captain for next year.

The interest in the boys' class teams was so great that a girls' league was formed. Both leagues succeeded, not only in furnishing interesting sport, but also in bringing out material for the first team. Mr. Watkins presented the winning teams with silver cups on which the names of the players were engraved.

In the boy's league class '09 took first honors; in the girls' '07. Neither lost a game although both figured in several close contests.

The names of the cup winners are as follows: Sophomore Team, winner of boys' trophy, Harlan Eames, Ward Foote, Elmer Field, Lawrence Parker Reginald Stembridge, Victor Trenholm, Edwin Davis.

Senior team, winner of girls' trophy, Violet B. Robinson, Dotty Hodson, Jennie Parker, Gertrude Granfield, A. Clare Killam, Lealia Jones, Annie M. Davis. The girls' basket ball team organized for the season with Jessie Nichols as captain and Gertrude Granfield as manager. The team was made up as follows: Nichols, Killam, forwards; O'Brien, centre; Hodson, G. Granfield, backs; S. Granfield, sub.

BOYS' BASKET BALL RESULTS.

R. H. S. 3, Winchester 50, lost; R. H. S. 2, Lynn 24, lost; R. H. S. 10, Melrose 2d 9 won; R. H. S. 10, Mitchells 20 lost; R. H. S. 12, Melrose 2d 4 won; R. H. S. 21, Wakefield 3, won; R. H. S. 8, Lynn Classical 10, lost; R. H. S. 6, Melrose 2d 8, lost; R. H. S. 27, Mitchells 7, won.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL RESULTS.

R. H. S. 4, Wellesley 20, lost; R. H. S. 10 Melrose 7, won; R. H. S. 15, Revere 3, won; R. H. S. 3, Melrose 4, lost.

The baseball season started with five of last year's players and some promising new material which had been tried out in the fall practice, available. Martin Devaney was elected captain and John O'Brien manager. With Flint, Kingman, Chase, Brooks and Devaney as a nucleus a strong team has been developed which, taking into consideration the fact that Reading's schedule includes teams from much larger towns, has made a very creditable showing. A fair proportion of victories has fallen to our lot and the games lost have been in nearly every instance, close. Attacks of "rattles" have been few but several games have been lost by carelessness especially in baserunning. The team is a well balanced one and in Chase and Flint we have two good pitchers with experience. While in many ways this season has proven a satisfactory one we may hope for better things next year, as we will not lose a member of this year's team. A season of playing together should give teamplay and knowledge of "inside" ball which will carry with it a big advantage.

R. H. S. ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

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R.	H.	S.	2	•	Watertown	3	Lost
R.	H.	S.	13		Arlington	1	Won
R.	H.	s.	2	•	Wakefield	10	Lost
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R.	H.	S.	6		Lexington	1	Won
R.	H.	S.	6	•	Peabody	9	Lost
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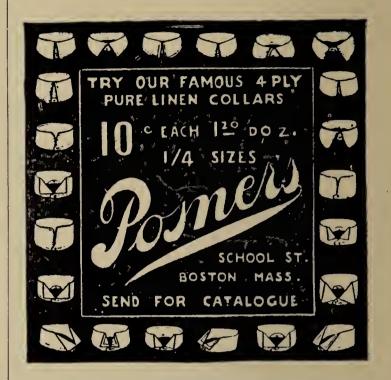
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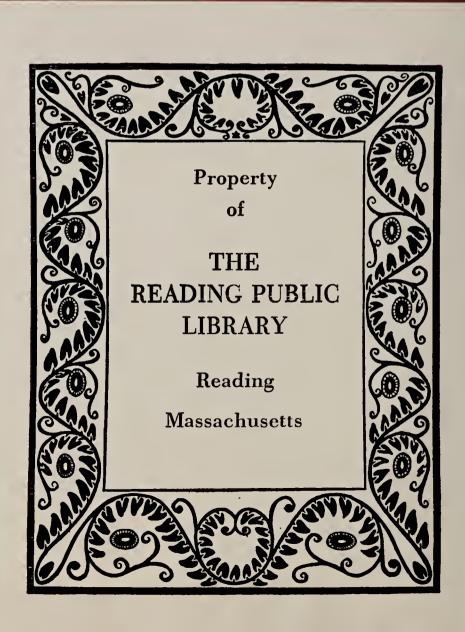
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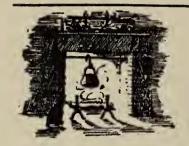
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— The Editors.



The Pioneer

JANUARY FIRST

1908

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Editorials

THE first of the series of dancing parties to be given in the High School Hall, was given by the Class of 1908. The dance took place Friday evening, November 8th. About forty-five couples were present.

The matrons were Miss Ruth Buffum and Miss Mabel Hayes.

The music by the Crescent Orchestra was of its usual good quality.

A dance was held by Class 1909, November 27, and was largely attended. Music was by the Crescent Orchestra.

Word comes to us of the marriage of Miss Alice Winifred English, a former teacher in the High School, to Mr. Dwight North of West Hartford, Conn. Her former pupils send congratulations.

Music for the annual cantata was on hand for the first lesson. "The Wreck of the Hesperus" was selected. On previous years the purchasing of the music has always been delayed. We are in hopes this year of giving our public concert earlier than usual and if Mr. Maxwell is correct this concert will be the best ever.

Nov. 3 the Men's Good Fellowship Club kindly invited the teachers and members of the Senior Class to attend a lecture by Horace G. Wadlin at the Congregational Church. Quite a number of the young ladies were present, accompanied by four young men.

AFTER FIFTY YEARS

After residing fifty years in the world of spirits, my turn came to view Earth once again. I must explain before going further that each spirit is allowed to come back to Earth once in every fifty years for a period of twenty-four hours. You can imagine how eagerly each one awaits his turn.

Although I had been somewhat prepared by the reports of my fellow spirits for the changes which met my eyes, yet if I had not had a spirit voice which mortals cannot hear, I am afraid I should have attracted a deal of attention by my shrieks of surprise.

Several miles above Earth, I encountered several flocks of men flying gracefully along by means of huge wings securely bound to their bodies. This startled me not a little as you may judge when I tell you that air ships were comparatively new at the time of my removal.

As I neared Earth, I saw huge advertisements calling attention to several different makes of wings, some of them warranted to carry the wearer as high as Mars.

On reaching Earth I found that numbers of people spent their summers on Mars, which was considered an ideal health resort, and far better than the mountains or the seashore. Indeed, I found that everybody who was anybody could be found on Mars during vacation time.

Also, the Moon had been found to be composed of a quality of cheese far superior to any made on Earth. A number of men had formed a syndicate controlling it and had become enormously rich from the proceeds of great quantities transported by airship.

I noticed that the Moon had grown considerably smaller from the ravages of this syndicate, but it was no longer needed to light Earth at night as the Sun had nearly burnt out and was doing Moon duty, while a new luminary had come into existence which was an improvement over the old Sun in that it shed a greenish light very soothing to the eyes.

All the large department stores had their main entrances at the top of the buildings and a steady stream of ladies were coming out and going in, either entering or leaving their airships which were anchored at the edge of the building.

The ladies all wore much beribboned and ruffled gymnasium suits, which seemed to me a sign that soon Woman will be the ruler and adopt Man's attire wholly, while man will have to leave to take the second place.

This pathetic sight so saddened me that I had not the heart to remain longer on Earth, but took my way back to the world of spirits.

MARION FLINT, '09.

THE THOUGHTS OF A MIRROR

"I wish Mrs. Cosey would put something in this hall I could talk to," mused the mirror in Mrs. Cosey's Boarding House, "I am sick and tired of talking to myself all the time. I want a companion that I can share all my troubles with."

"Here I have been in this same place for fifteen years. After I came into existence I was taken in a great big box with round things on it (I think they are called wheels but the other day Mr. J. E. Iz, while admiring his 'beautiful' mustache, which looks as though it needed a hair cut, said that Mrs. Hardtack had wheels, so I don't know exactly what the things are.)"

"Oh dear! what was I saying? Oh yes! Then I was jounced along until we came to a great tall building. There I was pulled out and taken into a furniture shop."

"The shop was run by a jolly old German, named Hans Gucklich. He set me up in the window of his store. The people as they passed would sometimes stop and look in upon me. I noticed that some of them would stop quite a while. Some of the men would lift their hats to me (so I thought.) The women usually scowled and tugged at their bonnets. I did not understand what all this meant then but I know now."

"One day a funny little woman came into the shop. She said something to Hans and he led her over to where I was."

"Oh! how beautiful;" she said, "how much is it?"

"Vell! vile it iz you dan I vill you it for tree dollars and vun cents sell. I vas to sell heem for tree dollars and vun half a kvorter."

"How kind of you. I'll take it. Will you send it up?"

"Vy shure. I vill send heem by the eggspress tomorrow."

"And so I was sent the next day to Mrs. Cosey's Boarding House, for it was she who had bought me."

"I was set up just where I am now and here I have served all of Mrs. Cosey's boarders."

"And of all the queer people you ever saw. For instance there's that old maid, Miss I. Emma Fule. I don't wonder she is an old maid for I don't know who would want to marry her. She comes strutting up to me like an old hen, cackling away about someone she doesn't like, usually Mr. I. M. Rich. She pats down her hair and then usually asks me if it isn't becoming. I wish I could tell her how 'handsome' she looks."

"When Mr. Rich comes to see me he always looks into the hall first to see that nobody is here. He is another one of those queer people. His hair is parted in the middle with a little curl the shape of a question mark, on each side. He most always pulls a comb out of his vest pocket and if he can't comb the curls into just the right shape, he pulls out a pair of scissors and snips off a little bit of the locks and when he goes out deposits it in Miss Fule's coat pocket."

"Here comes Miss Rose Color now. Oh yes! this is the night Mr. Hummer calls. She always comes here about five minutes before he comes, slapping her face and winking at me, just as if I could wink back without cracking my face. Ah! there is the door bell now. My! but don't they seem glad to see each other, just as if they hadn't seen each other for a year. M'm!—frightful! Oh well, I suppose it is all right. Nobody was looking but me and I won't tell."

"Well! I might as well take a nap now. I won't be disturbed again till twelve or later. Good-night."

LELAND W. KINGMAN, '08.

A young pupil who lived on a farm, Elected Latin quite calm; But when they did call

She could not answer at all.

We will now sing the Twenty-eighth Psalm.

THE WASTE-BASKET

(The waste-basket and the desk talking.)

"One, two, three, three o'clock and Mr. Gleason has not been around yet." It was the Wastebasket that spoke and it addressed the Desk.

"Oh! its early yet; I wish they would have the afternoon session in room 4 all the time, its more lively."

"Same here, only I wish that when they threw paper in here they wouldn't tear it up, its too hard putting it together again at night cause there's only one light."

"There! Isn't that Mr. Gleason coming?"

"I hope not, here's a dandy composition, looks like Devaney's writing; he's the only one that can write decently; and I want to finish it."

"Hurrah, it's not Mr. Gleason, it's a Freshman."

"Yes and going to sharpen his pencil too, they are always doing that. The old dust gets in my teeth and things don't taste good. Say, I used to be down in the John Street School once, I got all the gum I wanted then."

"There's no danger of Mr. Gleason coming in just yet. I bet he is down in the lunch room, eating pie."

"Can you see the town clock from where you sit?"

"No, but it struck about five minutes before this clock did last time." "Well, I am glad it was on time once. As soon as some of this paper is taken up I will roll over to the door and see where the session is for tomorrow.

G. RAYMOND Moses, '08.

GRANDMOTHER'S LEISURE: HOUR

Now it's four o'clock. I'm soglad I got that pickling done this morning and I know Silas will beglad when he comes home from town tonight to try some on his beans. I'll have from now until six to sit and knit. It will take only a little while now to finish this stocking of Silas's. Then I'll start on the mittens for my Mary's little boy. Probably he'll like red ones better than blue. Children nearly always like bright colors. I hope that I can finish them by next Saturday at any rate, for now the cold weather is coming on, he'll need them.

And there's little Louise. I promised Mary last summer, that when it came winter, I'd make the child a woolen hood. I believe she goes to school now. These children do grow so, but I don't know as you can stop 'em. Still, when I was a small girl, I remember how mother used to threaten to lay a brick on my head if I didn't stop growing. But the threat was never carried out. How absurd anyway. Just fancy a noisy wiggling young one-

keeping still long enough to keep it on a minute.

I can just imagine Charlie's joy, when he sees the mittens that grandmother has knit for him, and the fun he'll have this winter making snow balls and snow men. I will make them with good long wrists so the wind won't whistle up his sleeves.

Here comes Jim, the hired man. I wonder why he is coming in at this early hour. Why, bless my soul, its nearly five o'clock. The time goes so quickly when you get interested in what you're doing. He's brought the eggs in. Let me see, two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve, thirteen. That's pretty good for this time of the year. We might get rich if they should keep it up that way all winter.

When Silas comes I mustn't forget to tell him about cousin Emily. I believe I put the letter on the mantle behind the clock. There, she's way out West. Her husband has just fell and broken his arm. It must be very lonesome so far away from one's folks. I'm glad I knew enough to stay home. I believe that's the place I was meant for.

Well, if there isn't Silas right now. Yes, that's our old gray horse just coming over the hill. Little early, I guess. Business wasn't very brisk I reckon. Now I'll have to fold up my work and get supper. Silas is always hungry Saturday

nights, any night in fact. I don't know as I ever saw a man who wasn't.

MARJORIE ROBERTS, '08.

CAN-NOT-DO-IT

Great Scientist stumped by frightful problem in arithmetic.

Mind unbalanced, may go to Muldoon's.

Mr. O-c-r R-un-s, the well known experimenter and lightning calculator, has acquired brain fag through study of the following problem: If one test tube represents two (2) cents and one evaporating dish ten (10) cents and one crucible twelve (12) cents, and one boy in one week can break x test tubes and y evaporating dishes and z crucibles, how many weeks before said boy will get a job, go into bankruptcy, or drop chemistry, and why?

Bill had a board bill,
Bill also had a bill board.
The board bill bored Bill,
So that Bill sold the bill board
To pay his board bill.
After Bill had sold the bill board
To pay his board bill,
The board bill no longer bored Bill.

Pupil (Phis. IV): "Do we ever swallow while asleep?"

Teacher: "I was never awake to see."

AFTERNOON SESSION

On your way to the lunch room you notice a small crowd gathered around the bulletin board. Quite casually you join the group and glance over the list of unfortunates. Suddenly something arrests your attention and you stare electrified at your own name, written in a bold, masculine hand.

Searching your memory you recall a little bit of pleasure that had been participated in earlier in the day and had drawn down the wrath of the teacher upon your head. Proceeding to the lunch room you inform your friends, while eating a "dog," of your unavoidable detention for the afternoon.

At 2.15 you show up at Room 4, where your companions in distress, whose names were posted along with yours, have already assembled. The first half hour passes very quickly, Geometry, Physics and History claiming your attention. During the next half hour your mind is divided between English and the jokes that are passing between three or four jolly young fellows in front of you.

When the first hour is up the study students arise and file out, each going to their different happy homes, but you are informed, when you try to escape, that another half hour is needed to square your account. Returning to your seat in a rather sulky

mood, you listlessly pick up your French Grammar, which you continue to gaze at for five or ten minutes.

You are suddenly aroused by an eraser that has landed on your back while the teacher's attention was directed toward an algebra problem that a Freshman could not master. Turning suddenly, she observes your assaulter and successfully calms his restless spirit by the prospect of two more afternoons. You take care to smuggle the eraser quietly under your coat, and when the teacher's back is again turned, fling it with all the force you can summon toward the grinning face of your tormentor. But this young man unfortunately dodges, and the hard back of the eraser comes "bang" against blackboard.

Heavens! she saw you in the act and you are down for the next term of imprisonment. Heaving a heavy sigh you resume the perusal of your French lesson until finally you are informed that "time's up" and the "game is over."

R. A. Phelps.

Will someone kindly tell me how one could use a gas engine in a steam boat?

Math. IV: "What is a parallel biped anyway?" J. W. N. (Parallelopiped.)

DIARY OF A SCHOOL BOY

Wednesday, Sept. 10—Fair today and colder. School began today and I got my regular preliminary licking. The teacher gave me about fifty on each hand, and it hurt, cause my hands ain't toughened yet. Had a scrap with Tommy Tucker and got licked. That's all for today.

Thursday, Sept. 11—Fair this morning and rained like blazes this afternoon. Almost got another licking today. No scrap either. Walked home with Susie Smithers.

Friday, Sept. 12—Continued rainy today. Nothing special doing except going gunning with Mike and Pat Murphy tomorrow.

Saturday, Sept. 13—Fair. Went gunning today and got two chicadees and got wet and cold. Mike shot a sparrow and Pat shot at a blue-jay but didn't get him.

Sunday, Sept. 14 — Went to church this morning and tipped the contribution box over. Pa gave me an awful clubbing when I got home. Fair today.

Monday, Sept. 15—Rainy today. Got another licking in school today. All I did was to put gum in Scrappy Dugan's hair. Also had a scrap. Scrappy got sore and we had it out at recess. All I've got is one black eye. Scrappy's got two.

Tuesday, Sept. 16—Fair. Went home from school to-day with Lizzy Whatawad. Getting pretty sporty, eh! Susie got sore but I don't care

as long as I can stick it out with Lizzy.

Wednesday, Sept. 17—Fair. Lizzy stung me to-day and I had to go home with Susie Smithers and saw Jimmie O'Toole walking home with her. Had a scrap with Jimmie. He put it all over me, but I bet I showed Susie how much I loved her.

Thursday, Sept. 18—Fair. I'm getting tired of keepin this diary. Guess I'll cut it out. By the way Susie and I have made up. Got two lickins in school to-day and one when I got home.

G. CLARK BROOKS, '08

"FORGET ME NOT"

A long, long time ago, when the flowers were supposed to speak, there grew a little flower named callus, because she was as blue and pure as the heaven itself.

Now this little flower lived alone on a mossy bank by a lake, with nothing but tall pine trees around her for company. And not much company were they to her for, if they were not sighing and moaning, they were always murmuring among themselves.

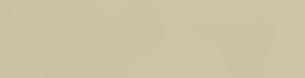
But little did callus mind this though. She was always bright and cheerful, looking happily forward to the pleasures of the next day. Oh how she loved her morning bath in the fresh dew and how eagerly did she look forward to her friend, the

sun, to come and dry her, and smile brightly down on her.

One morning as she awoke, she felt heavy, she felt as though something was missing, she could not see what. The same trees were there, the same soft, green moss and the sparkling lake by her side. can it be?" she thought. Finally she took her morning bath, and waited patiently for the sun to come and dry her off. But he did not come. She waited and waited, and still he She was getting tired did not come. and weary with waiting, and the dew weighed her down. One more thought passed her, perhaps he had gone somewhere else, and had forgotten her. "Oh could he have," she murmured. Then turning wearily upward, she said, "Oh sun forget

me not, pray forget me not." Then she fell down to the ground with weariness.

But soon she began to feel warmer. The trees began to murmur, a ripple came splashing softly by, and then the sun rays came forth from behind a cloud. Little callus had strength and stood up and waited. Slowly, slowly came the sun. At last the wind blew, the trees sighed and groaned as usual. Little callus was so happy all she could do was to turn her face to the sun and murmur, "You forgot me not, you forgot me not." The tall pine trees looked at her and then bent their heads and murmured, "Forget me not, forget me not," and that is how little callus got her new name, "Forget-me-not." DOROTHY DAVIES, '09.





"Crnaks"

"What's the use?"

Violets are the fad for Monday morning.

Own up Freshmen, were you lost the first day?

Teacher to F-b-s, who has mistaken a chair for a couch: "F-b-s, take this front seat."

F-b-s: "Oh, please teacher, may I stay here?"

Heard in Boys' "G" Club:

"String out those frankforts."

"Cut off the ham."

"Look here, if you sing f (forte) when it should be mf (medium forte) what are you going to do when you have to sing f?

Voice from the deep (2nd base): "Sing like sixty."

"Are you going to hold that "do" all night?" If you do it will evaporate before morning."

Heard in music: "Hold the lantern, bases."

Teacher: "In what three states does water exist?"

Brilliant: "Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut."

Extract from Junior Composition: "He sat thinking of his bride of a few hours. 'What an eventful day this has been,' he mused."

Tren— in arithmetic: Sixty-three gallons make one hedgehog (hogs-head).

The piano would make an excellent paper rack.

If the moment of P equals the moment of A, how far is it to North Reading?

What did Miss G— mean when she said, "You might speak different if you don't know anything."

Pupil in Bookkeeping reading 1907: "One thousand nineteen hundred and seven." Must have been thinking of the future all right.

Teacher: "Why were you late?"
B—rr: "Because I didn't get here
on time."

From the Seniors too. On the level below and darker white.

R. H. S. contains three great poets, Whittier, Holmes and Emerson.

The most objectionable classes seem to be the Seniors and the Sophomores, they each have a Bar-(r).

Why not start a High School drum corps, there seems to be plenty of talent?

Miss W— must be fond of ballooning, she took one to school recently.

Teacher: "What does metallic sodium look like?"

Answer: "Candy."

From examination paper, History IV: "The chief occupation of the New England colonies was religious persecution."

Athletics

Fall base ball was tried at Reading High this season instead of football, as sufficient enthusiasm for that latter sport was not evident. Almost all of last season's players were on hand and a few new men. A new pitching find was made in Trenholm, who did good work in several games. Abbott is another addition to the pitching staff. Stembridge and Smith showed up well in the outfield, where the former played a few games last season. In the infield Brooks, L. Devaney, Eames, M. Devaney, Holmes and Kingman are all experienced men, who will be available next season.

The fall schedule arranged by Manager Quinlan was completed with an equal number of victories and defeats to Reading's credit, a satisfactory showing, since the main purpose of fall base ball is to try out new material rather than to win games. However, there are many, especially among those who remember our excellent foot ball teams of former years, who would like to see the latter sport reinstated, and hope there will be sufficient interest next fall to revive it.

The opening of the fall base ball season was very propitious, being no less than a victory over Woburn at Woburn. The remaining games were then played with the following results:

Sep. 27	Reading 7	Woburn	9	Lost	
Oct. 1	Reading 4	Lynn Classic	Won		
Oct. 4	Reading 3	Woburn	8	Lost	
Oct. 10	Reading 0	Wakefield	13	Lost	
Game won from Winthrop by default					

The Boys' Basket Ball team started the season with Wilfred Smith as manager and Harlan Eames captain. Their first game resulted in a defeat by Chelsea High Chelsea, seventeen to twelve. the same week, however, they made up for this by a clean cut victory over Watertown at Watertown, twenty-four to twelve. The prospects for a crackerjack basket ball team this season are very bright. All last season's players are back and several new ones have developed. The schedule is not yet complete, bnt will include all the fast High School basket ball teams in the vicinity of Boston. Mr. Redden, our sub-master, has greatly aided the team with the knowledge basket ball which he acquired at Bates.

The Girls' Basket Ball team organized with Christian O'Brien as captain and Susie Granfield as manager. Miss L. Lucille Wheeler of Mt. Holyoke, who has charge of this branch of R. H. S. athletics, took hold of the work with enthusiasm, and the girls were practicing early in the fall. Their first game was with the fast Norwood team at Norwood. Encouraged by the presence and cheering words of their coach and referee, the girls went into the game

at the start and played like whirl-winds, the result, a fifteen to four victory for Reading, being as much of a surprise to them as to the other team. After this victory the girls are looking forward to a good season. Miss Granfield is hard at work arranging a full schedule of games.

Urnaks

(CONTINUED)

White sweaters. Oh my!

The High School life must be popular, there are four postgrads with us this year.

French IV: "Elle tire sou portemonnaie de sa bouche." (She took her pocketbook from her mouth.) Scholar: "Please may I speak to——?"

Teacher: "No; no one can speak."

About five minutes later an undertone is heard.

Teacher: "There is to be no talking without permission."

After this candy will be served at the afternoon session and a few chapters of a dime novel read.

A popular question with the Seniors: "Have you done your Physics?"

On each end of the sofa

They sat in vain regrets;

She had been eating onions,

He, smoking cigarettes. (Ex)



Alumni Notes

James Fairchild, '04, is clerk in the First National Bank.

E. Harrison Turner, '06, is representing the R. H. S. at Mass. Agricultural College, Amherst.

James Connelly, '05, has recently been appointed as one of Reading's letter carriers.

B. Inez Nichols, '04, is clerk in Camp's Bakery, Reading.

Jennie Parker, '07, is at the Reading Candy Kitchen.

Richard J. Walsh, '03, is employed as reporter on the Boston Herald.

Chester W. Nichols, '03, is a Senior at Dartmouth.

Ruby Willis, '05, is a Junior at Wellesley College.

Edna Ellison, '04, is a clerk in Winchester's Art Store, Reading.

Caroline J. Thayer, '06, has a position with J. Warren Bailey, Boston.

Ralph W. Stone, '05, is at Tufts College.

Joseph Quinlan, '07, is employed by the Queen Quality Shoe Co.

Winnie I. Mansfield, '06, is book-keeper in the Quincy Market, Reading.

Marion E. Walsh, '07, is at Vassar College.

Bertha E. Bartlett, '06, is at Boston University.

Ellen McGarry, '07, is bookkeeper for Shervanian Bros., Railroad Market, Reading.

Malcolm Buck, '07, is a Freshman at Amherst College.

Stanley Hunnewell, '06, is at Harvard College.

Marion F. Buck, '05, is at Mt. Holyoke College.

Lawrence S. Winchester, '05, is at M. I. T.

Fletcher N. Robinson, '05, is at Harvard College.

Bessie Parker, '03, is on the teaching staff of the Highland School, Reading.

John S. Eisenhaure, A. Clare Killam, Genevieve Bosson, Bernice A. Batchelder, Bella C. Muse and Violet B. Robinson, of Class '07, are taking Post Graduate courses.

Chester A. Jenkins, '06, and Arthur Winship, '07, are Freshmen at Dartmouth College.

Mildred D. Haley, '05, is with Daniel Pratt Sons, Boston.

Chapman Bosson, '04, is quartermaster of the Steamship Howard of the Merchants' and Miners' Transportation Line.

Lowell Hanson, '06, is at Tufts College.

Clover Granger, '03, is assistant librarian in the Reading Public Library.

Miss Dotty M. Hodson, '07, is working for Miss Kate Trow, caterer, Reading.

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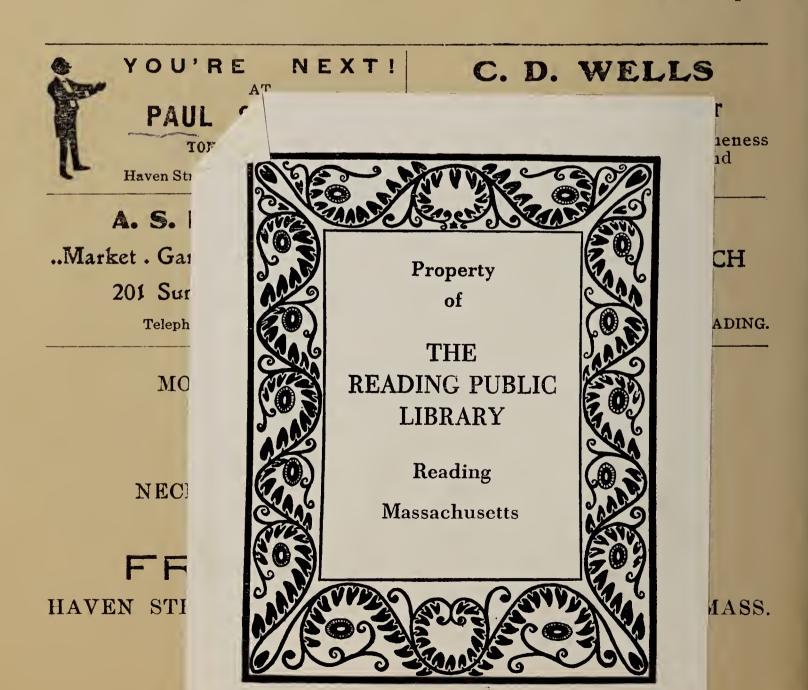
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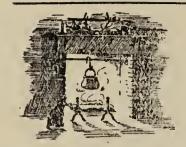
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JUNE

1908

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Editorial

URRENT EVENTS, a four page school paper, is this year being studied by members of the Senior history class. It is a paper crammed full of the latest news, news of the right kind. The lessons are recited every Monday. The cost of the paper for the school year is slight, being but twenty cents. This seems to be one of the most instructive parts of our school program. It would be a fine thing if all four classes of our High School could have the opportunity of studying this school paper.

liamentary law absolutely necessary in the Reading High School?

Many say that it is not, but we think it is. By studying this subject many of our boys who perhaps in the future will hold some office in the town, will have a clearer idea of how to conduct a meeting of a body of men and how to act in such an office. It will establish more confidence in one's self and make better speakers of us. Therefore let all profit by the rhetoricals in the High School.

THE Reading High School is a good building, a very good building in more ways than one. It being a three story building, the third story is a respectable distance from the ground. There is ONE main entrance at the front of the building, quite spacious, with ample room for at least three to pass through at one time. Then there are two basement doors, one on each side of the rear of the school. Fire escapes? Why-er-no, there are no FIRE ESCAPES. The pupils well trained in fire drills can march readily out through the front door or down and out of the basement entrances. But it would not take a

very bright person to see that if a fire started on the first floor and swept down the corridor, the chances of escape for the pupils on the second and third floors would be, so termed, "pretty slim." Naturally their resort would be to the windows. But it is a most unsafe jump to the ground. Just a reminder: -While the Reading High School may be beautiful to our eyes inside with the Horace K. Turner pictures on the walls, on the outside with fire escapes would please MY eyes better. U.

HE loyal spirit of the school chil-dren of Reading and the attitude of the townspeople toward our new High School has been recently shown in the ample support given the school in its attempt to raise funds for mural decorations for the new building. This attempt which took the form of the Horace K. Turner Art Exhibit, proved a great success. It also proved one of the sayings very popular in the High School that "Nothing succeeds like success." The proceeds proved about four or five times as large as generally realized by towns of Reading's size where these exhibits have been held. The interest of the scholars and teachers was beautifully shown in the attractive programs of entertainment furnished by the different schools on the evenings of the exhibit. The exhibit itself was of the usual high standard for which the Turner Company is noted.

[&]quot;Oh look! who's here" the infant cries;
"My child, it is the Junior class.
The boys all straighten up their ties,
The girls smile sweetly as they pass.
Of course the reason you surmise,
Before them is a looking glass.
Open your mouth and feast your eyes,
(That means it has a lot of brass)."

THE "HOME IDEAL"

Calcutta, India, June 4, 1912. Dear Class of 1912:

As a representative of the Class of 1907 to the new American Institution in India I thought it might be interesting to your Physiology Class to know of an interesting experience I had today.

It was an hour before noon and the hot sun was shining down. I was strolling along the side of the Ganges which was pouring its massive bulk along to the greater one of the ocean. While walking up the side of a hill I saw before me a very peculiar habitation on the "southwestern slope."

The thing that dazzled my eyes was an immense glass case, a sort of solarium on top of the house. I learned later that it was a new method of heating a house in the cooler season. The heat is furnished by the direct rays of the sun.

I drew nearer and to my surprise I recognized my former Physiology teacher of dear old Reading High. It was now up to him to explain the peculiarity of his home. It would be well to say that this professor was doing great missionary work among the heathen.

I was invited to enter. Who could refuse? Well, dear 1912, perhaps you'll understand this if I say that the owner of this place likes things 'sanitary and hygienic.'

He explained as of old that a "damp cellar is unhealthy" and so his was at the top of the house and was dry. He told me that there was not as much need of a cellar here because there was no furnace, and no preserves to be stored. Preserves as I was reminded have alcohol in them— and we boast to say that our teacher is a temperance man.

This proud master took me to the kitchen first. A sink with "open plumbing," a stove with boiling water to insure cleanliness—that was all to

speak of. A few utensils were arranged systematically in the closet. These were of a material which no acid could act upon. Many things were omitted. Such were eggbeater, sieve, potatoricer, etc., for all these, he recalled to me, "harbor germs and produce disease." Everything seemed to be marked "sterilized," so to speak.

I went upstairs. He had told methat "the bedroom should look as nearly like a hospital ward as possible." Surely enough, it did. The bed was spotlessly white and I groaned as I thought of his poor back at night for no mattress could I detect. Then my memory came back to me. Mattresses, dear 1912, are unhealthy. On a shelf I saw two things: a bottle of H2 O2 for the teeth which, by the way, is the only thing for the teeth, and a bottle of vaseline—for colds—"for one need not take patent medicines when there is a spoonful of vaseline to be had."

Next, downstairs to the parlor. No draperies adorn the windows, no portieres the doors, or vases the mantels, and the furniture was NOT carved. The walls and floor were bare and painted. "This method," he said, "makes housecleaning unnecessary, for house-cleaning is an abomination and a thing of the barbarous ages."

The mistress of this home was going about wiping "with a DAMP cloth" the various things which were already so clean. This individual was short—"there are advantages of being short"—and plainly dressed. Her shoes, a noticeable feature, were not the shoes of the ordinary American woman, but had broad low heels and broader toes. I had learned long ago that "it is not artistic to have small feet."

A tiny child was on the floor playing—with a tomahawk. The proud father explained that "children were little savages." This remark induced me to think that four years had not changed his mind. I listened to the childish prattle, for my former teacher told me that he was learning a piece for a Sunday School social, but what I could make out of it was evidently mixed with his father's professional talk—"Mosquites Anophales 'll get yer if yer don't watch out"—or something like that.

I was invited to dinner. I was told that no breakfast was ever eaten in this house for "there is no need of them anyway." But the dinner; no meat (unhealthy), no tea or coffee, (tanin and cafine, which are as bad as drugs), nothing flavored (alcohol in flavorings), or spiced (sawdust in spice), nothing fried (indigestible), nothing very sweet (too much sweet food is poison), no oysters, clams or sea food (microbes again), nothing canned (impure preservatives). But I had known these things of old.

We had barley soups, triscuit, pasteurized milk and oranges. It wouldn't hurt us and it contained sufficient "proteid."

Now, dear 1912, you may deduct a desson in sanitation from this. But, THE FACT THAT I WANT TO BRING OUT is, that whatever you do, don't forget this splendid model of "hygienic conditions."

For the benefit of all,

'07.

It might be well to offer a prize to the person who could make the H2 S generator work.

Notice for Miss W—: Don't blow out the gas or turn off the candle.

Junior German student (translating): "And the rabbit thummed his nose at Peter."

What's that rustle in Room 8? Only Class '08 exchanging pictures.

Whew! Who's been burning hair mattresses in the chemical labratory.

THANKSGIVING IN 3000 A. D.

Y dear boys and girls, you have been celebrating Thanksgiving all along and I don't really believe you know why it is a holiday. Can any of you tell me? Can you, my boy, there in the front seat? Oh, no, no! Thanksgiving is not for the commemoration of the first visit to Mars. No, nor the moon, either. I didn't think you knew. That little girl thinks she knows. You say it was a feast of the Pilgrims, the first people who came to Plymouth. That is right, so far. Now can you tell me where the Pilgrims came from?

Jupiter? Oh, no indeed! Can any one tell me where the Pilgrims came from? From England. Good! Good! Now you know that much about it. I dare say you remember having read about it in your ancient histories. children from Boston should know all about it because it originated right near Boston. The country used to be marked off into states and Boston was in Massachusetts. No doubt some of you have often wondered why this canton is called the United States. that time all the cantons were separate kingdoms, monarchies and empires, as the case might be. A little later there were a few Republics. The most powerful of these was the United States, and it is the constitution which was originally adopted by the United States which the Universal Empire is governed under now. The states or cantons were separate countries and were continually at war with each other.

You cannot probably imagine what war was like. You have no doubt seen pictures of it in the old books. I have a book published in 1875 with many scenes from a war called the Civil War which took place in the United States a little over a thousand years ago. Soon people began to think that they ought to do away with this cruel way of set-

tling disputes, and so in 1898 a body of men met at The Hague. The meeting was really the beginning of the present Universal Government, although the government was not established permanently until after the year 2000. Its growth was very slow but it was sure, and a thing like this could not have been accomplished until men visited Mars and Jupiter and the other planets and discovered quick ways of travel.

Why, at the time of the first Hague Conference it took men at least five days to go across the Atlantic Ocean, and that was considered wonderfully quick travelling. In the time of the Pilgrims it was perfectly dreadful. It took about two months to cross the ocean. Just think of it, boys and girls, two months to cross the ocean! It would be hard to imagine what it would be like if we had no airships.

The first Thanksgiving was to give thanks for the plentiful harvest which the Pilgrims had. They grew their crops entirely out of doors, and as they knew nothing of radium or aqua vitae, they had to wait for the grain to grow of its own accord, and they could only get one harvest a year. You can see what a disadvantage this would be now. In the first place we have no room and everyone would starve. Now, as you know, in the various plant factories they can get a crop once in three weeks with the use of radium and aqua vitae, and they say that grain obtained in this way is so much more nourishing than that which grows of its own accord.

Well, now I want you to think over the many improvements and luxuries which you enjoy and of which the boys and girls of a thousand years ago never dreamed. Just imagine what it must have been to have lived in those primitive days.

MARGARET L. ROBINSON, '08.

That glass door makes a fine mirror.

SKIPPER MORRISON AND THE CANNIBALS

T was one of those hot calm days of summer: the wind was hot and so was the air. I had strolled down to the wharf to seek some relief from the heat and found "The Skipper Morrison"—his back supported by the fishhouse, smoking his old T. D. pipe.

"Wall," said the skipper, by way of starting the conversation, "it was just this yer kind of a day when we reached that isle o' them yer cannibals." "Tell me about it," said I, growing curious.

"Wall," said he, "we was sailin" along off the coast of Zumbaba or Kimicka, or somewhere else, one fine summer's day, in that good old fourmaster 'Nancy Ann,' when the sky begun to look kind er' dubious and the captain begun to look sort er' worried like but we kept on our way.

"About dusk that old storm bruck My, warn't ut awful! old waves washed thet deck from stem to stern, as clean as we fellers cud get it by washin' three months. Wall, as I was sayin', thet durn storm blew us right and blew us left, and I cud feel my insides shakin' up and down and all around." Here the skipper stopped to take a series of short puffs on his pipe, until he was surrounded by a cloud of smoke, and then proceeded. "And just as we was gettin' kind er' used to the various movements of thet yer craft, the old think struck with er crash. The whole crew cum runnin' out on deck; part of um with only part o' their clothes on; but bein' as I was all dresst, I got on a raft, used for such occasions, and drug aboard an old chest which I had brung along so if anything like this should happen. Then thet yer old vessel sunk and I found myself on thet raft with a sickly old seaman named Carlsbad.

"We tossed about all night and when the sun cum up it was calm as it is today. Bein' some hungry I gut out my old chest and pulled out an oil stove and filled it with some oil, an' cooked our grub, which warn't nothin' but bacon and hard tack, but I tell yer it tasted durned good.

"Wall, about noon of this yer same day, we sighted land and old Carlsbad yelled for joy. When we got there, he didn't yell quite so loud—but thet comes later. We gut to that island and disembarked (all there was of us) with our luggage and we'ed no sooner gut our goods off thet yer raft then we heard an awful yell and lookin' round we saw about four thousand cannibals (more or less) runnin' out o' the bushes yellin' like sixty. We both run into the water, but thet didn't do no good, cause they cud run right in after us, so I felt in my pocket and found a small whistle. I put thet in my mouth and begun blowin' it in regular time. Wall, sir, them savages stood stock still and looked at me, like as I was a god, and I kept on tootin' till they gut kinder sick o' the monotony of the scenery, and grabbed old Carl and lugged him off, leaving me standing in the water. After they had been gone about five minutes I begun to see thet I needn't issue a call for the hose company every few seconds, so I walked out of the water. Now I knew that them barbarians would be back after me when they found my godlike powers had give out, so I begun to think of some more supernatureated things to frighten them. I retreated to my source of supplies and begun to look in my chest. In it I found an old phonograph, some blank records and all the necessary appliances. Now I had to find some way o' usin' the durn thing, so I looked around thet blessed isle and there on the shore was a big palm tree with a few great big leaves settin' on the top. looking like a tall lady wearing one o' them big hats with a lot o' feathers on I set thet thing down on the sand,

put on a record, and begun to yell in the horn anythin' I cud think of. Wall, when I gut that record made I clumb up to the top o' thet tree and fixed the phonograph right on the top of the leaves. Then I gut out my spy glasses and looked across the island and I cud see the little houses o' those cannibals and the heathens themselves, carryin' Carlsbad on their shoulders.'' Here the skipper stopped to catch his breath while he puffed vigorously at his pipe.

"In a few minutes," he began again, "they begun to cum back for me and when they gut pretty near I set the thing agoin' and slid part way down Them yer cannibals cum the tree. around thet hill with a whoop and a rush, and they stood on thet yer beach and looked around for me. Pretty soon one old man looked up in the tree and saw me there. Then the whole tribe cum rushin' up, two-forty, 'cause they saw they had signs of a good meal, and I began to yell at the top of my voice and they all stopped and looked at me. I yelled the same thing that I yelled in the phonograph, as near as I cud remember, and then I waited. Just then the phonograph cum to the talkin' part of the record. I turned around, lookin' at um with my mouth shut so's they cud see I warn't doin' it, and then the old thing repeated just what I'd sed. Wall, I guess them savages thought I was in league with the old boy because they looked and looked, and opened their mouths wide and gaped and gaped.

When thet phonograph gut done I slid down and they cum and looked at me just as though I was a big god, and pretty soon they picked me up and carried me to the village on their shoulders. Then I made 'em think that old Carlsbad was my servant and they let him go.

We lived in perfect peace with them natives until a passin' ship took us up and carried us back to port."

Thus ended the story, and marvelling greatly I left the "Skipper" to the comforts of his "T. D." and solitude,

F. TWOMBLY, '09,

PROPHECY

HAD just made up my mind to take two week's solid rest when a messenger boy entered with a telegram. I read the contents and then, as the novels would say, I fainted. It could hardly seem possible, but yet it surely was not a joke, for there were the President's initials, L. T. D., at the bottom.

He requested me to make arrangements for a class reunion and to please notify all the members of the class and could I not do it all inside of two weeks. Yes, I could not.

You can imagine how I felt. It had been ten years since we had graduated and during that time I had lost track of the greater part of the members of that large class of 1908.

Thinking it all over, I decided that I needed someone to help me, so I proceeded at once to the employment bureau. I told the clerk what I wanted and he said he had just the person for me. Stepping to a side door, he opened it and called to someone. You can imagine my surprise when I saw 1918 walk out. He had changed somewhat since I had seen him last but he looked just as wise and full of fun as ever.

I explained all of my troubles to him and asked him what I was going to do; how could I possibly locate all the members of the class.

"If you will give me three days' time I know of a way to settle that question," he said.

On the morning of the fourth day he returned in an airship. He said that he had arranged matters and we would proceed at once to the scene of action.

I got into the machine and in another minute we were far above the city. We floated higher and higher until the earth below was one great blur.

Suddenly a huge form appeared to my vision. I was filled with awe—what

could it mean? Directly in our path was what looked to be an observatory tipped upside down with a rounded dome pointing towards earth. I gazed about with open mouth, looking for some massive chain which undoubtedly was suspended from heaven holding the thing in place. I could find none.

In another instant, although I don't know how it happened, I was inside of the floating air castle. 1918 was standing beside me. He pointed to a long tube like glass and told me to look through it. I did, and wonders of wonders, I saw as plain as day my own home and all its surroundings.

1918 pressed another button and told me to look again. I saw beautiful college buildings surrounded by green lawns and waving trees.

"That," said 1918, "is a college founded by Sir Robert Barr. By founding this college he has solved one of the greatest problems of the day, that is, 'What to do with afternoon session students! This magnificent college was built for such pupils only, and there they are taught good behavior and this motto: 'Always mind your own business and the afternoons will be your own.'"

I next caught a vision of a large farm; acres and acres seemed to be covered with potato vines.

"The largest potato farm in Massachusetts," I heard 1918 say, "owned by Herbert Bartlett. This wonderful man discovered that by planting one eye of six different kinds of potatoes in a hill, potatoes as large as pumpkins could be raised. I think he calls this variety the Green Mountain Volunteers."

Another scene appeared.

On a lawn in front of a very pretty cottage I saw one whose countenance was familiar. She was reading a book and about her two little children were playing. I recognized her as Ruth Peabody. Could it be possible that she

had settled down to the domestic life? The last time I had seen her she had said that she was going to be an old maid. I looked at 1918 and he nodded his head. "She married a well-to-do business man," he remarked.

Looking into the glass again I saw the words "North Reading." As they faded away a busy little city took their place. I gasped. 1918 must have heard me for he said, "Yes, that is North Reading. Notice the beautiful buildings, especially the library, as it was a gift to the town from one of your classmates, May Forbes. She inherited millions of dollars and driven to despair by the many offers of marriage from all the Counts, Dukes, Princes and What-Nots in the land, she commenced spending her millions by instituting these libraries all over the United States."

"That group of buildings near by, is a home for orphans, established by Muriel Emerson. With the help of her two assistants, Alice Bartlett and Blanche Chisholm, she mothers the poor homeless ones."

"Mayor Everett Brown lives in the large yellow house on the hill to the right. Edna Crosby, a dressmaker, and Hilda and Alice Eames, teachers of elocution, have a flourishing business in the centre of the city."

It all seemed so wonderful that when 1918 asked me where I wished to look next I could not reply, so he pointed to the buttons and told me to take my choice. The first one within my reach read "New York," so I pressed it.

The very first thing I spied was a flaring bill poster which read: "Madison Square Garden, all this week! The Underhill Bros. Big Minstrel Show! Finest Production ever Given at One Time."

After that I caught a glimpse of Wall street. A great crowd was assembled around one man, who was standing on a platform. He was waving his arms and from the motions of his mouth I supposed that he was yelling at the top of his voice. Soon he stopped and then I saw that it was LeRoy Case. I was astonished.

"What is he doing?" I asked 1918.
"He is a stock broker and is selling stocks," he replied.

While still gazing at this scene, I saw an automobile drive down the street. In it I noticed a man in the uniform of a chief of police.

"Who is it?" I asked 1918.

"John Quinlan, chief of the New York police force," he informed me.

After this part of the city vanished from view, I noticed a large, high building. It seemed to be a general office building for on the windows I caught the names of different doctors, dentists, lawyers, and in fact representatives of all trades. Three names in particular arrested my attention. The first was "Dr. Oscar H. Rounds, M. D., D. D., LL. D., PH. D., D. C." The second was "G. Raymond Moses, Agent for Holmes' & Barrett's Great Central Life Insurance Co.," and the other, "Ethel Trask, Teacher of the Connelly Shorthand and Typewriter System."

I was progressing rapidly and although 1918 told me I had better rest my eyes, I pressed a button which made the whole observatory swing around. I had touched the Paris button.

Looking into the glass I beheld the front of a millinery store, in the windows of which were a magnificent display of hats, of all sizes and shapes, from the old fashioned Merry Widows to the latest style Midget hats. Over the door was a large sign with the words, "Mademoiselle Tuttle, Milliner to the Court of France."

While wondering what the next style hat would be, a four-horse coach, in resplendent array, drove up before the store. The coach door was opened, and a very beautiful lady, glistening with jewels, alighted. "The Countess De Fleur'de'lis," 1918 was saying. "Her maiden name was Marjorie Roberts. While Count De Fleur'de'lis was making a tour of the United States he met her and they fell deeply in love. She married him because of that love and not for his title."

My head was beginning to ache but I wanted to see all of Paris I could. Numbers of magnificent cathedrals appeared in the picture. Then came the theatres, the last of which was the largest and most brilliant of all. name of the play being given at the time was displayed just above the en-It was "The Follies of One trance: 1908.'' Beneath this I translated the "Mlles. Susie Granfield & words, Margaret Robinson, the Two American Stars in one of their own Productions."

By this time my head was in a whirl and I was obliged to follow 1918's advice.

"I guess you have seen enough to last you for awhile, haven't you," 1918 asked.

"Yes, and now I want you to tell me about the rest of my classmates, for now that I have gone so far I might as well hear it all."

"All right, I will, for it would save a lot of time.

"Luke Devaney and Henry Blethen are missionaries in India.

"Susie Simpson is teaching school in New Hampshire.

"Clark Brooks is in New York training for the Olympic games to be held in Athens next fall. He holds the world's record for the shot put and hammer throw.

"Martin Devaney has discovered a new kind of a safety gun and is making big money with his establishment in Boston.

"One of the best equipped hospitals in the world is situated in Chicago under the supervision of Benjamin Hartshorn, a remarkable doctor, and Grace Mansfield, a nurse of great reputation.

"Ethel Robinson is at the head of Smith College and has two able assistants in Alma Eaton and Gabriella Lasell.

"The 'Big T,' the largest cattle ranch in Kansas, is the home of Roy and Harvey Turner.

"A short time ago Florence Eaton was elected president of the Band of Mercy. She has established a home for wandering cats and dogs in Reading. Marion Coolidge is her private secretary.

"Nora Cullinane married an orange grower and is situated in California.

"Lottie Abbott is living in Memphis, Tenn., where she is teaching in a kindergarten.

"Gertrude Greely and Sarah Eaton are doing a great work in the city of Lynn as Salvation Army lassies.

"Rose Devaney has opened parlors for massage and facial treatment, and is well patronized by '08 girls.

"Among the society notes in yester-day's 'Reading American,' I saw that Mrs. Van Gouldabuilt and Mrs. Astorock, formerly the Misses Bancroft and Colby, were planning for an extended tour abroad in the fall.

"And last but not least is Russell Davis, president of the Boston, Reading & Ipswich River R. R."

I drew a breath of relief, for my task was near its accomplishment. It was with a light heart that I returned to earth, for I could now guarantee that all would receive their invitations to the reunion before June 30, 1918.

L. W. KINGMAN, '08.

In the Grammar School we learned that a period came at the end of a sentence. That idea was soon dispelled, however, when we learned in High School that a period was really the beginning of a sentence of forty minutes of hard labor. frogs.

THE STRING OF PEARLS

I
T was an early Spring evening. The breeze softly crept into the window of an old Virginian mansion, bringing with it a faint odor of mignonette, lilac, phlox and roses; also the occasional chirp of a bird, as she finally settled herself down for the night, mingled with the steady sing-song of the

Mr. Ralph Arlington stirred lazily in his chair, and slowly opening his eyes, gazed out of the nearest window.

The well kept lawn sloped down to the river side. Broad driveways were visible through the rows of elms and birches. Everywhere were clumps of rhoddoendrons and bushes of purple lilac, white forget-me-nots, lily of the valley, lavender and many other sweet, oldfashioned flowers overran the garden in luxuriant profusion. Over all the sun was spreading its softest colors.

"And to think that I must leave all THIS tomorrow to go back to work in the hot, dirty city. While the Colonel here—'Why,' hello there, old chap,' said he turning around, 'I didn't hear you come in. I must have been dozing."

"I didn't mean to interrupt you suddenly, you know, but you asked me to call you at eight, as you wanted to start early tomorrow."

"Yes, thank you. I think you are right. I wonder, Colonel, if I can ever thank you enough for this restful pleasure during my vacation?"

"There, there, don't say anything more about it. Pleasure? Why, it's been more than that to me! I'm an old man now, Ralph. It seems good to have some young person here again. My books and horses become dull companions." With a sigh he turned and looked out of the window.

Arlington gazed—not without a little admiration—at the tall, erect form of the Colonel beside him. He noticed that the usual smile was changed for the moment to a look of wistfulness, which, however, disappeared as he turned and said:

"Well, old fellow, I musn't keep you up any longer." He led the younger man to the door, saying jokingly, "Don't let those ghost stories I've been telling you lately interfere with your sleep, will you? Good night." With a hearty hand shake Arlington left him.

Little did the Colonel know that those words, so lightly spoken, would gain a special significance ere long.

II

After Arlington was fixed comfortably in the high four-posted bed, and turned to blow out the candle (for it was the custom in the Colonel's household to burn candles instead of lamps) he noticed a door behind the old mahogany dresser that he had not seen before. "How strange," he thought; "I must ask the Colonel about that tomorrow." With this he blew out the light, and was soon sound asleep.

Awakening suddenly in the night' he thought he heard someone in the room, but after listening and hearing nothing, he decided that the sound must have been imaginary. He tried to go to sleep, but with no success, for he seemed to feel the presence of someone in the room.

Not being certain whether he was dreaming or not, he jumped up to make certain he was awake, and investigate. What! was that the door moving? Nonsense, it couldn't be. But indeed it was; yes, and someone was entering. Leaning against the bed, scarcely breathing, he looked again, and a slight form entered the apartment.

It was certainly the figure of a woman. He noticed that she was dressed in a gown of indescribable color, cut in the style of a hundred years ago. She wore about her throat a necklace of pearls, each one of which was beautiful and large. She started to put her

hands up to clasp the necklace, when he happened to see her face reflected dimly in the mirrer, (by which a dull night candle was burning). It was that of a young girl.

A peculiar expression of horror and fear flashed over her face, as she glanced up at the opposite door. Arlington, letting his gaze follow hers, saw to his amazement, and not without fear, the form of a man. He, too, was dressed in the bygone costume, but bore the stamp of the lower classes upon his features. In his eyes there was an unmistakable gleam of hatred as he looked at her. With her hands on the pearls the girl uttered a strange, choked sound and fled to the door. He quickly followed her.

Arlington hastened after them, through the long, dark corridors, quiet rooms and many flights of winding stairs. Sometimes he could almost touch them, and then they were lost to sight by the turns.

Ahead of them lay a long hall with an opened door at the end. He knew that if he could not catch them before they reached it, he never would be able to. Nearer and nearer he came to them, until finally making one last effort, he threw out his hands and caught—nothing! They had slipped from his grasp (as he thought) through the door and shut it. In vain he tried to open it; it would not budge. Finally giving it up he found his way back to his room with difficulty and dropped exhausted on his bod, falling asleep almost immediately.

III

"Good morning, Colonel, may I see you a moment before I leave? I hate to disturb you, but really, I've got something quite interesting to tell you."

"Certainly; go into the library. I will join you in a moment."

Arlington had decided that he would tell all to the Colonel in the morning and ask him a few questions. He went directly after rising to the Colonel's sleeping room, and in spite of what the servant-in-waiting had to say (which was a good deal), he went in and woke him.

Wondering a little, the Colonel hastily dressed and descended to the library. The minute he entered, Arlington said, "Has anything strange ever happened here? Ever been a murder? Any girl lost anything? Any—?"

"For goodness sake, boy, what's the matter? Any murder here? Only death I know of was our old black cat, who was drowned in a pot of hot soup—by mistake—and as for a girl! Why, I wouldn't know one if I saw her. Haven't seen a petticoat for ages. But what's the matter? You seem strangely excited?"

"Well, the fact is," he said, "something really happened last night, or I had a most realistic dream—the latter I guess," and he told his experience of the night before to the interested Colonel.

The Colonel only laughed, told him he surely must be in love, or had eaten something that didn't quite agree with him. He told him to come out in the garden for an early walk and forget it.

But Arlington was determined that there was some reason or other for this unusual happening, and after thinking awhile he said:

"Will you show me your cellars, I'm curious?"

"Certainly, but I wouldn't do it for everyone. What's got into you, anyhow, Arlington?"

So saying they descended into what the Colonel called the cellar. It was whitewashed from top to bottom, with neat rows of wine bottles, and canned goods lining the walls.

"This is not the cellar I'm looking for, have you another?"

"Yes, but why bother; we never use it," the Colonel answered.

"Which way, please? I will go by

myself," said Arlington somewhat impatiently. Taking the candle from the Colonel's hands, he hurried in the direction pointed out. Opening the door on the left, with difficulty, he stepped down four or five steps, and saw before him—the identical door of his dreams.

"There it is," he cried, and with one spring he tried to open the door. It would not yield. The Colonel came to his assistance, but pushing with all their might it was only opened a crack. By means of a crowbar they forced it open.

It was dark, mouldy and damp. Within, a draught from somewhere blew the candle out. After relighting it, they tried to pick their way around in utter blackness.

Arlington stumbled and almost fell over something that crunched beneath his feet. That was indeed strange, for the floor was made of sand. Bending down he tried to see what it was, but not being able to hold the light just right, he asked the Colonel to see if he could discover anything there.

The Colonel looked, and after a second a surprised cry broke from him. Turning to Arlington he pointed to something on the floor. There Arlington saw to his surprise and horror two skeletons, and on one was a string of pearls—the pearls which the girl of the night before had worn.

DOROTHY DAVIES.

Ever hear this? "Expressions are contagious, so to speak." That's what I meant to say.

What did the elephant say to the flea? "Quit your pushing."

English teacher: "Please recite a little more slowly, Miss Blank."

Junior: "I can't,; if I did I would forget it." (Is this a sample of the way the Juniors learn their lessons?)

"Every time that you stop work and stare at success it gets up and leaves the room."

THE TIME I WAS TAKEN IN

THE other day while reading my newspaper, in the smoking room of the hotel, where I was stopping, the door opened and someone en-Thinking it was one of the guests I took no notice and went on I read for about five minutes reading. and then realized, with a start, that someone was standing in front of me. Slowly I raised my eyes from my paper. Before me stood as handsome and as well dressed a man as I have ever seen, or ever expect to see. He stood motionless, gazing at me intently. I believe he hypnotized me for the moment, for I could not speak a word. He finally broke the silence with a "How do you do?" I returned the greeting.

"I startled you a little, didn't I?"
he said.

"Why, yes, I don't know but what you did," I replied.

"Well, to tell the truth, you seemed so intent upon that newspaper, that I hated to interrupt you."

"Yes. I was reading about the skillful pickpocket who is in town. Have you heard about him?"

"No, I haven't. You see I just arrived here last night. I came in on the boat from Europe. I haven't had a minute to read the paper. Have they caught him yet?"

"No, they don't even know what he looks like. He is a sly one all right. He does his work when the crowds are coming from the theatre and from shopping. From the reports that have been turned into Police Headquarters, it appears that he has gotten away with about a thousand dollars' worth of jewels and nearly that sum of money, in the past week."

"Is that so? By the way, that reminds me of an experience I had in a Baltimore restaurant."

"Excuse me for interrupting you," I put in, "but why don't you sit down

and make yourself at home?"

He thanked me and then pulled a chair up very close to mine—as I remember now—although at the time I did not notice it. Pulling out two cigars he handed one to me and while I was biting off the end of mine he lighted his and then offered me a light, leaning one hand on my shoulder.

"Does it tell, in your paper, the names of any of the people who have been lightened of their burdens?" he asked, after a moment of silence.

The question surprised me a little, for I had been waiting for him to go on with his Baltimore experience. However, I took up the paper, glanced over it and read off a few names mentioned in the column.

"But how about your experience?" I asked.

"Sure enough. Well, one night a friend and I entered a rather cheap looking lunch room in Baltimore. were looking for excitement and thought we would try our luck there. We sat down at a table in the corner of the room, and ordered steak, French fried potatoes, cream and cottage pud-We got a mistake, French fried leather, skimmed milk and corn meal-As I was attempting for the mush. fifth time to cut a piece of meat, a queer looking man entered and sat down at our table. He seemed to be a jolly sort of a fellow and soon we were all cracking jokes and having a laughing good time. At last the subject of sleight a hand was brought up. showed him a few tricks in palming a Then he said he knew something better than that. He asked for a two dollar bill from both my friend and me. Placing them out flat on the palm of his right hand he rolled them up into a little ball with his left hand. He then closed both hands over it, opened them again, and the bills were gone. Putting his hand in his vest pocket he drew out a little ball of bills, threw it on the table and rising went out with the air of one who thinks he is the only thing We sat watching him until he had gone and then I picked up the ball and unrolled it. Before me were two one dollar bills. Thinking that perhaps these were counterfeits, I examined them very closely and in so doing found the figure "23" on the upper left hand corner of each. I pulled out a few one dollar bills that I had in my pocket and examined them. Sure enough, there was the same figure on each one and in fact on every bill that both my friend and I had with us."

The fine looking stranger paused, glanced at me frankly, and added carelessly, 'It's a curious fact that you can find the figures 2 and 3 on any bill. Did you ever notice them?''

"No, I never did," I replied. My curiosity was aroused and so I pulled out my roll of bills (it was a fat one, too). I could not discover the figures and told him so.

"Let me see," he suggested.

I handed him the roll of bills. He examined them carelessly and in so doing dropped them accidentally on the floor. At the time it seemed unintentional but I distinctly remember now that it took him quite a few seconds to recover them.

After studying the top bill a minute longer he handed the roll to me.

"There! see the figures?"

Sure enough, it was plain as day. As I started to look at the rest of the bills he arose.

"If you will excuse me a second I will go up to my room and bring down some curiosities I bought while abroad and show them to you."

He left the room. I waited about five minutes and then felt for my watch. It was gone. So was my diamond stick pin and my ring. I rushed out into the office and asked the clerk if he had seen anyone come out of the smoking room.

"Yes; a nicely dressed fellow came

out five minutes ago. He seemed to be in a hurry and as soon as he got outside he took a cab."

I had been duped. I went back into the smoking room and sank into a chair. I thought the whole thing out. He had taken my pin while giving me a light for my cigar. The watch he had taken while I was reading to him from the newspaper. It was easy enough for him to slip his hand in under the paper and reach my watch. I thought of my bills and hauled them out. The

outside bill was genuine, with the figure "23" stamped on it in printer's ink. The rest were counterfeits. He had exchanged my roll of bills for this roll of counterfeits when he had dropped them to the floor. But how on earth had he taken the ring off of my finger? It is a puzzle to me now but the identity of the man is very clear to me. Who else could it be but the skillful pick-pocket who has done the town?

L. W. KINGMAN, '08.



ATHLETICS.

This year has been an encouraging one for athletics in the Reading High School. Our base ball and basket ball teams have made enviable records, for the first time we have had a good second team in the field, and interclass track and field sports have been organized. The prospects for a track meet with some other town next fall appear bright.

The Boys' Basket Ball team, Harlan Eames captain and Wilfred Smith manager, completed the season with a record of five games won and four lost. The scores follow:

Chelsea at Chelsea, lost 17—12.

Watertown at Watertown, won 12—24.

Saugus at Reading, won 4-43.

Ballou & Hobigand at Reading, won 20—26.

Mitchell's Academy at Billerica, lost 25—24.

Mitchell's Academy at Reading, lost 15—18.

Quincy at Quincy, lost 32—10. Watertown at Reading, won 19—21. Norwood at Reading, won 19—30.

The two games lost to Mitchell's Academy were both very close, one necessitating overtime play. The Quincy team, the only one which decisively defeated Reading, through the season without losing a game. Several of the games were won by the Reading High team only after an uphill fight, and all through the season the team showed a plucky fighting spirit combined with fairness and clean play. The team was made up as follows: H. Eames, captain, rf, Roy Nichols If, Lawrence Parker c, Leland Kingman lb, Wilfred Smith rf, Arthur Michelini rb. Kingman is the only player we will lose next year, so that with the High School gym in shape for practice Reading High should make even a better record in 1909.

The Girls' Basket Ball team, Christine O'Brien, captain, Susie Granfield, manager, broke even on the number of games won and lost during the season, scoring 68 points to 33 for their opponents. The three Norwood games were the most interesting. After winning decisively, at Norwood, the Reading

girls lost under adverse conditions at Reading by one point, and won the third, an exciting overtime contest.

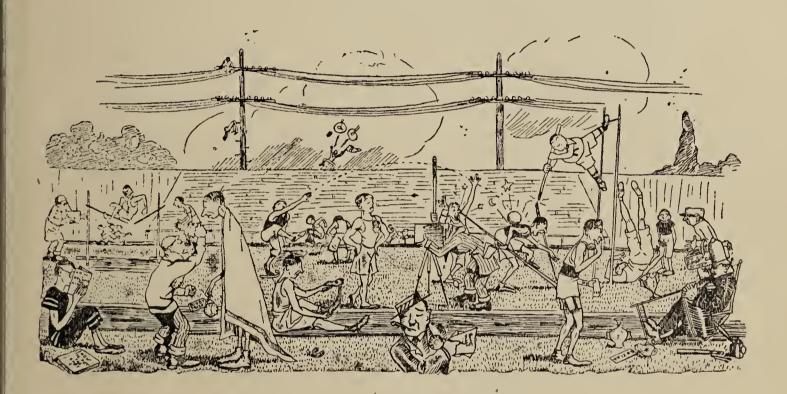
The scores:

Norwood at Norwood, won 15-4.
Saugus at Saugus, won 19-6.
Norwood at Reading, lost 7-6.
Winthrop at Reading, lost 6-2.
Thayer Academy at Braintree, lost 8-4.

Norwood at Reading, won 13-11.

The interclass league championship

was won by the Juniors, but only after playing off a tie with the Sophomores. The game in which the Juniors tied the Sophomores was a very exciting contest, and won by one basket thrown in the last thirty seconds of play. In the play off of the tie, however, the Juniors clearly outclassed their opponents. The names engraved on the cup were as follows: Harlan Eames, captain, Wilfred Smith, Ralph Eames, Roy Nichols, Lawrence Parker, Reginald Stembridge.



Wanted: Miss L-s-ll would like to know if horses are cattle.

Mr. R-d-n wants to know if any of the students ever saw a cow, those from No. Reading, especially.

Miss H—: "If you march well today you will save these pupils from afternoon session."

Stem (who is not a victim)—"What good does that do us?"

Chem. Teacher: "What is zinc oxide?"

Student: "Magnesium."

Teacher: "Was the boy king reigning at that time?"

Brilliant: "No, snowing."

The moisture in the air should be dry for a consumptive.

Sophomore, translating French: "She would have went to the opera."

The world honors the sticker—never the quitter.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are: "I've flunked again."

A certain Junior writing a French composition tried to say "What are you doing?" The result was, "Qui faitesvous." We aren't aware that the Juniors can do anybody. Evidently they can't write French.

Miss G— informs us that D-v-n-y belongs to the malitia.

STATISTICS OF CLASS 1908

NAME	KNOWN AS	BY-WORD	WHAT WE HOPE TO BE	HOW WE LOOK	FAVORITE PASTIME
Lottie F. Abbott	ot	Indeed it is"	Musician	Same as ever	Attending Grange
Marion Dancrol Com	anty	umerous ones	Historian (:)	Charming	Daneing
William Barrett	Bill	Jerce : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : :	I amplement	Wilschlevous	Cutting up
A lice M Bartlett	Anything	lowaleya	Hasn't decided	Tack:	Folling Smirts
Horbort Bartlett	Curid	Tool	Hasii tuecided	Chouter her goodh	A manife
Henry Blethen	Rlet	He doesn't know	Dentist	All right.	Argumg
G Clark Brooks	Pelt	fost anythin	College sport	Ministerial	Experimental
Everett Brown	henezer Whitehead	God Whiz	Parson	Comicel	Duyling college ices
LeBoy Case	The state of the s	Vanovor hose his	Harrend	Dogile	Driving yarns
Blanch Chisholm	anchy	asn't any	Very tall	Dictile	Housekoning
Almeda Colby	pole .	Now stop	Fime will tell	O V	Houseneeping
Wm A Connelly	noenix	Onit wour kidding		Tile his buckbon	Dainting
Marion Coolidge	avion	Introven	Topopor	Hanny	Diving tast (:) norses
Edna M Crochy		Tool	Drogemoleon	Demine	I ining pland
Now Cullingno	G.C.		Diessillanei	Denterton	LIVING IN INOPUL RESIDED.
Puedell Davie	1	divewise diffusion in	Don't alous	Contremed	Dkatilig
Inko T Dougnor	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	Tooms to make the man and the	Dalin clerk	A marged	Laiking
Mostin Descailey		Hash t any	H illalli		Ficking strawbernes
Martin Devaney		On, go on	Soldler	In need or a snave	Gunning
Rose Devaney	Sy	h, shoot!	Nurse	Blooming	Whispering
Alice E. Eames	lice apil	as none	Milliner	Modest	Skating
Hilda W. Eames	1	For pity's sake	Feacher	Thoughtful	Ditto
Florence A. Eaton	sso	h, fudge!	Mrs	Healthy	Studying
Sarah M. Eaton		low Stop!	Milliner	Very meek	
Alma L. Eaton	10	J jyduni	Artist	Artful	Studying Virgil
Muriel A. Emerson	1bble	h, Dear!	l'eacher	Happy	Riding
May Forbes	ay	Orrors	Musician	Charming	Acting
Susie F. Granneid	Je	Nothing like that	Leacher	Pert	Playing Basket Ball
Gertrude Greeley	ert	don't see why	His wife	Questioning	Studying "Art"
Benj. M. Hartshorn	en	matter	Horse jockey	Gentle	Driving
John C. Holmes	olmesy·····	h, cut it	Mail clerk	Good in a derby	Cutting ice
Leland W. Kingman	emon	ee!	Cartoonist	Hurried (?)	Sports
Gabriella E. Lasselle		heese it	Missionary	Boiling over	Making someone laugh
Grace C. Mansheld	ay Day	[onest?	Cornetist's wife	Youthful	Dancing
G. Kaymond Moses	ay	orry!	Some cinch	Ambitious	Picnicing
Kuth Peabody	nd pn	[eavens to Betsey! \cdots	Old maid	Calm	Keeping house?
John Quinlan	uiny	oo numerous to \cdots	Policeman	Smilingly	Stump speaker
Marjorie Roberts	aw Daw	[a! Ha! [mention]	Flute player	Jolly	Bicycling
Margaret L. Robinson	eggy	[ein Gratious!	Actress	Dignified (?)	Driving
Ethel C. Robinson	hicken	Dry up!	Feacher	Studious	Debating
Susie C. Simpson	or	haw		Melancholy (?)	Walking
Oscar H. Rounds	rk	ut it!	Master of Mathematics	Learned	Plugging
Ethel G. Irask	and	y Chowder	Cooking teacher	Proper	Getting to school on time
narvey G. Turner		A COW	A farmer	Meek	Catching flies
C Wildred Tuttle	utchy	lang it!	Grain dealer	Good natured	Teasing Ebenezer
Charles W Haderhill	nured	nure	Fublic reader	~	Skating
Tohn W Haderhill	10	Hot dogsgob 10H	aterer	ugh for	Muzzling hot dogs
Doris Campbell	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,	My Dana said so	Oruggist	All right [body	Clog dancing
		My a apa said so	Dressmaker	Dewildered	Walting on table

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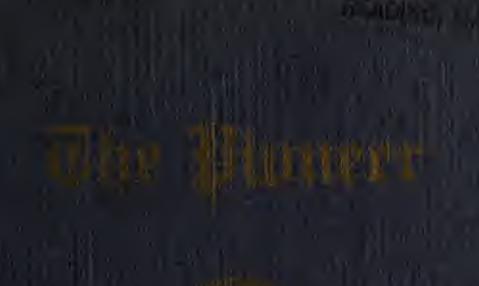
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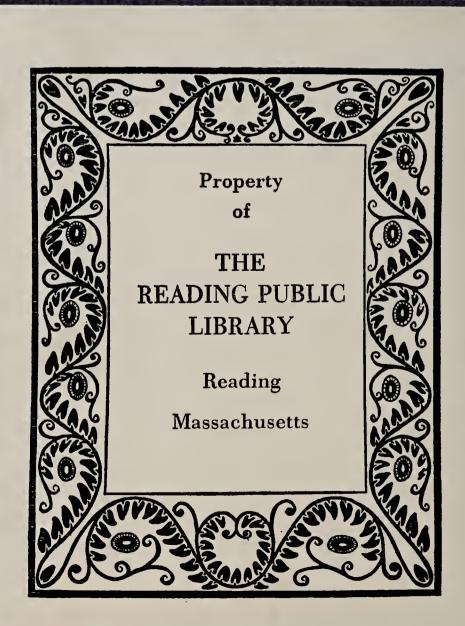
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The Pioneer

DECEMBER FIRST

1908

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Editorials

HAT is the cause of the lack of interest in the Pioneer? There is plenty of enthusiasm in the physical side of our school life, athletics, now why can't we have more in the mental, the literary? In years past the scholars were eager and proud to have any article of theirs appear in the Pioneer. Now almost all the material is taken from the work of the English classes, work that is compulsory. Don't leave all the responsibility with the editors. We want everyone to take an interest in the paper. If you write something that is good and you know it is good, hand it in. If you have an inspiration in the middle of the night, get up and write it down and hand it in. If anything really funny happens in your classes, just jot it down and hand it to your class editor, or any knock, not a mean one that will hurt anybody's feelings, but a good-natured knock. No one who has the proper spirit will resent a good-natured knock, and knocks are the things that will arouse interest, too. Every scholar as a member of the school ought to further the interests of the school paper. Don't let it die out because of lack of interest.

All the students who took part in the athletic meet with the Lynn Classical High School ought to be congratulated upon their success, and the Pioneer takes this opportunity for extending its congratulations to the boys, who helped to make the meet so satisfactory to the ofthe Reading interests School. The trophy is in the possession of the High School and adds greatly to the cups which already been won by this institution. After the spring bout with this same school, we hope that the PIONEER may have the opportunity to conits prominent athletes gratulate again.

Mr. Brown, our new music master, assisted by Mrs. Brown, gave us a recital, one music period which was very thoroughly enjoyed by all the school. We wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Brown for their kindness.

The basket ball dance Hallowe'en proved a losing proposition. However, everyone had a good time and the hall looked the best ever. The matron's corner was quite unique.

Miss Smith has the sympathy of the whole school in the sad death of her father.

AT THE MERCY OF THE BLACK HAND

A huddled figure clung to the rail as the yacht rolled and plunged. Great seas swept beneath her and now and then one boarded, the seas of green water rushing fore and aft.

On the bridge stood the Captain in oil-skins, and watching closely as flashes of lightning pierced the darkness and unveiled the angry sea.

Suddenly the figure straining at the rail left the deck with orders for the Captain to call him if anything turned up. The yacht rolled, then pitched forward as her course was slightly changed. In the flashes of lightning she appeared like a wild graceful thing fleeing from pursuit.

Walking, or rather jumping and leaping, Merton made his way to the Wireless room. Here he strapped the harness to his head and waited.

Suddenly the door was flung open and James Cecil strode into the cabin.

"Anything doing, Merton?" he asked.

"Not a thing, sir."

With this Cecil strode out to the reeling decks again.

Merton remained motionless. Suddenly there came a flash and he waited with ears straining to the rubber caps.

"Cra-sh-sh!"

His fingers touched the key, and the sparks flew. Then he cut in the tape. The tape read: "Warship—cruiser—she's chasing you—make escape—everything all right if here in time—(x y z)."

Merton jumped up, donned his coat and stumbled forward to the bridge.

"On the bridge!"

"Forward."

"Warship. She's coming down on us."

He then made his way slowly to the bridge and reported in full.

"Cr-a-ash-bang."

Merton's hand reached to the key. He answered, "Are you coming? Sighted anything? Yes, expect hear from bridge soon."

"Hurry."

Merton sprang from his chair and made his way to the bridge with an order for full speed. Down in the engine room a bell clanged. The yacht leaped forward like a greyhound loosed from a leash. then made his way to his cabin and went to bed. It was rapidly growing light and from the bridge could be seen the approaching land and outlying lighthouse. yacht's speed was reduced and she slowly slipped up the harbor as all fear of the cruiser had vanished. No one would have thought to look at this little grey yacht, that she could out-distance one of the fastest cruisers, but such was the case. The yacht had been slipping along, when a small boat was hailed from the bridge. It came alongside and a bewhiskered individual sprang up the side to the deck.

He was the Custom officer and he and his assistants searched the vessel. Nothing was found so they returned to their boat. The yacht continued up the harbor until a safe anchorage was reached. The anchor was dropped and things were made ship-shape.

About five in the afternoon Merton and Cecil slipped into a waiting boat and were rowed ashore. Merton remained with the boat-men a minute and then giving them a few instructions walked up the wharf.

The two men sauntered along the street to a small cafe, where they entered a booth and ordered lunch. Cecil did not notice a keen, slim man who came along and occupied the next booth, but Merton's quick eye took in the situation.

"Now, Merton," said Cecil, "tell us about this strange mission,—just why and how you are going to attempt it."

"Well," said Merton, "these are the plain facts. While in Naples I joined the Black Hand Society. You need not ask me why because I do not know myself. But the deed has got to be done or my head will pay the forfeit. The seventeenth I will go quietly to the State House, place the metallic cylinder in a designated place, walk quietly out and take the first steamer to Paris.

The bomb will not go off for seven and a half days. Meanwhile I shall be safely away and the bomb cannot be discovered until the fatal moment unless by some unforeseen event."

After quietly eating their lunch they arose and strolled out upon the sunny avenue, Cecil with bowed head and dragging steps following the quick steps of Merton. As they rounded a corner the man who had been in the next booth quickly followed the retreating men.

On the night of the seventeenth of July, Merton quietly left his hotel and made his way along the boulevard leading to the State House. He walked quickly and quietly, covering the ground very fast. went around to a heavily barred which door seemed impassable. With a suppressed laugh he pulled from his pocket a long slim key. Deftly slipping it into the lock he turned it and lo! the huge door yielded and the darkness swallowed him.

Merton made his way like one familiar with the surroundings. He continued till he reached a little lobby in which was a statue of a woman holding a vase; into this he slipped a package. Even as he did so a hand grasped him. Like a flash he whirled and his fist shot up, followed by a sickening thud as a body struck the floor. He bent down to determine how badly the man was hurt and chuckled as he

recognized the man who had occupied the adjoining booth at the cafe. Taking a sponge from his pocket he pressed it to the man's nostrils, then left him.

He picked his way among the corridors. A faint gleam shone from one, and to this he made his way. Approaching a panel in the side of the wall he ran his fingers along the crevices till they came in contact with a concealed spring. He pressed it and a small black cavity yawned before him. Into this he stepped, and taking from his pocket a flash light he made his way quickly up a flight of small stairs. When he arrived at the top he took from his pocket a thin coil of wire. stepping a little to his right he opened a window, stepped out and jumped to the flag pole. began to climb. When within a few feet from the top he attached the thin wire. After making several lines of the wire he slid down, closed the window and walked to the centre of the secret stairway. Here he took from his overcoat pocket a long cylindrical thing which looked like a shell. To this he attached the wire. After this he made his way quickly to the panel which he opened with caution and slid into the dimly lighted corridor. Soon he reached the outside darkness.

The detective awoke with a buzzing head and parched throat. Feebly rising he made his way to the statue, removed the bundle and made straight for the main office. He burst in without ceremony. When he had explained the attempt, great was the praise bestowed upon him, for all thought that here ended the plot.

Meanwhile Merton made his way with all haste to the wharf. Here he was met by Cecil with a boat crew and he hastily made his departure for the yacht. Arriving on board, he ordered the captain to get under way. This was done, and with all possible speed they made for the open sea. The gay little yacht kicked up a wide wake as she reeled off the miles. When about one hundred and fifty miles from port, Merton, who was on deck, went below to the wireless. he strapped on the harness. reached out, his fingers touched the key and the fatal sparks flashed forth. His deed was done.

The next week after arriving in a foreign port he read of the destruction of the State House. The Government was at a total loss to account for the act, and the detectives had no clews to work on.

After Merton arrived home he took the terrible step of having the members of the Black Hand arrested and imprisoned. This meant his death for afterward he was found on an outlying street with a knife in his heart. But he alone knows that the destruction of the State House was

accomplished by wireless and that the cylinder he had placed on the secret stairway was tuned to the fatal vibrations that he had sent.

PAUL FORBES, '09,

IT'S GENERALLY THE WAY

A middle-aged lady in black boarded a Cambridge car the other day, and when the conductor came to collect the fare she handed him a two-dollar bill. He searched his pocket for the change, but found that he lacked ten cents of the proper amount.

"Madam," he said, "have you nothing less than a two-dollar bill?"

"Eh?" inquired the lady, "you'll have to speak a little louder, I'm deaf."

"Have you nothing less than this bill? I haven't the change," he repeated in a louder tone of voice.

"'Don't I want a pill? I look as if I need a change.' How dare you, young man!" indignantly answered the lady.

"I asked you if you had anything less than a bill," patiently said the young man, this time still more loudly.

"You think I'm dressed fit to kill? The very idea, when I'm in mourning for my dear departed husband! Young man, you shall be discharged! I have your number," shrieked the old lady, greatly insulted.

Things were becoming exciting now and the younger people in the car began to give vent to laughter. A kindly-faced man was sitting next the lady, and putting his mouth close to her ear, he said, "The conductor wishes to know if you have nothing less than a two-dollar bill, because he hasn't enough change for you."

"Oh, my goodness, of course I have, only I wanted to get the bill changed," quickly replied the old lady, and calmly handed the conductor a dime.

VERA YOUNG, '09.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING IN 1913.

[Note —This prophecy includes only the members of English IV, A]

"Pardon me, but isn't this Helen Beebe?" was asked of a young woman who was standing on the corner of Washington and Avon streets, Boston.

"Indeed it is, or at least the one that once was, and you are that young maiden that sat in front of me junior and senior years in good old R. H. S.," with a laugh.

"Surely, Helen, you are the last person I ever thought I should see standing on this street corner today, for I understood that you were married and had gone to Dover, Delaware, to live."

"Yes, I am living there but came

home to New England for a short visit."

"It is fine that I happened to meet you for a crowd of R. H. S. girls are to meet in Jordan's Waiting Room and then go to the South Station and greet Vera Young. She comes back from a summer abroad. Do come with us and we will have a glorious time talking over old days."

"Yes, I will go with you! I should love to. What is Vera planning to do now that she has finished her college course?"

"She wrote me she should remain at home for a while, but I think the first thing she will do will be to announce her engagement. We have expected it for quite a long time. He is a physician practicing in Newton."

"Really fine, isn't it! Why, Ruth, congratulations! How long have you worn that plain gold band on your left hand?"

"Why," with a blush, "Didn't you receive an announcement? We had a very quiet affair with just the families. We've been married almost three months now."

"It's funny I didn't get the announcement. I suppose you feel quite old and experienced. How is Marion? She is just the same jolly girl as ever, I know."

"Yes, of course. She declares she will never marry but already things look as if she would change her mind."

"Of course she will change her mind and would be foolish if she didn't. We think so, don't we?"

"Surely."

"What is Lib doing?"

"Staying at home making sunshine but I doubt if she remains there long. When she comes you will notice a very fine diamond on her left hand."

"Is that it? Well, I might have expected it."

"Fletcher is editor-in-chief of the Boston Globe."

"Great!"

"Claudia Michelini is a very great pianist in New York and holds many glorious recitals."

"That is fine, she loves music so much."

"Stembridge is married and very much settled down. He holds some sort of a State House position. I think they live in Melrose, her home was there and I understood they are with her people for a while."

"It must seem strange for Rex to be nicely settled."

"Ward Foote is conducting tramping trips for young fellows. The boys all like him very much."

"I should know that the boys would like him as he was a true sport."

"Lawrence Parker is running a night lunch cart in Boston and is doing very well, I hear."

"That's fine! Say, will you tell me, Ruth, where you gathered all this news?" "In the Reading Chronicle, of course. I have a great deal more for you. The R. H. S. Pioneer has just come out and it had extensive alumni notes. The paper is getting on finely and a great deal of interest is being shown."

"I have the Chronicle only once in a great while but I think I shall have to subscribe for both that and the Pioneer. How many times is it printed?"

"Once a month."

"Now for more news. What are the boys doing? Where is Bill?"

"Hillman is at Harvard studying for another degree."

"Who would have thought it of Bill!"

"Harlan Eames is running a large summer hotel at Gloucester and a winter one in Pasadena, California."

"Good for Mike!"

"You remember Mildred Hamilton?"

"Of course!"

"She is teaching history in Reading High."

"Of all things! Mildred wasn't very fond of that."

"Marion Pease has an A. M. and hopes to begin teaching Greek and Latin at Abbott Academy this fall."

"What of Harold Robinson?"

"I am not sure whether he received his degree from Harvard or not, but, at any rate, he is working for the Boston & Maine. Ethel Strout has accepted a position as chemistry

teacher in Reading High. Ever since her first days of it with Miss Wheeler she has longed to be mistress of the science and now she is."

"Did you know that Paul Forbes is in Delaware? He is not so very far from me."

"No! I wondered where he was."

"Yes, he has something to do with the constructing of the new warships. He has invented some new way of getting rid of coal in case of any great danger. He has a very pretty wife, a Southern beauty."

"Good for Paul. Hasn't he ever done any caricaturing? I thought he would be interested in that sort of work as he drew such funny pictures when we were all in R. H. S. together."

"I heard he drew for one of the political papers as a pastime."

"Alberta Doyle is a violinist of great note and I hear rumors of an engagement there, also."

"Where is Dorothy Davies?"

"Oh! Dorothy is still in Reading but a near by city is likely to have her soon. She has been abroad having her voice trained and is really a fine singer."

"I do wonder why those girls have not come."

"Perhaps they have gone to the station."

"Oh, no, they were to meet here."

"Is that fine looking girl coming toward us Elizabeth Smith?"

"Yes, that is Lib. Hulloa, Lib,

I wish to introduce you to my friend, Mrs. Helen Beebe ———."

Elizabeth was very much surprised, but not speechless, and the conversation dashed on at an even rapider pace.

"Here comes Marion! and all the rest of the crowd."

"Why Helen Beebe!" in a chorus.

"Isn't this a surprise."

"Where did you find her, Ruth?"

"I met her in front of the store as I came in. We have been having the best chat. I have been telling her all about the crowd."

"Are you coming to meet Vera with us?"

"Yes, I should love to," replied Helen.

"Come on, girls, it is almost time for the train and so we must hurry."

"What track does that train come in on?"

"Track fifty-four and is due this minute. Hurry!"

"It is coming in now."

"Where can Vera be?"

"There she is!"

"Hulloa, girls, this is a great surprise. I didn't expect you. How kind of you to come."

"You surely have changed."

"How swell you look in that dandy travelling cloak."

"Helen Beebe, how did you happen to be here?"

"I met the girls so thought I would come along with them. My husband and I are up here for a

few weeks. His vacation came late so we thought we would come up here and stay over Thanksgiving. It is real fine to be with you girls again and brings back the old days. I haven't been home for two years so I have almost lost you all. I met Ruth and we had a long talk before any of the other girls came so I know what you are all doing and planning to do. Bad reports about you, Vera. Are they true?"

"You will know later."

"Did you have a nice trip, Vera? I suppose he met you in New York. Your mother says you stayed there over night so you feel much more rested than as if you had come to Boston immediately, so I move that this crowd meet at the home of Miss Vera Young at seven-thirty, sharp, this evening in order that Miss Young may tell us of the many interesting experiences of her trip. Does anyone second the motion?"

"I do," said Vera.

"All in favor say 'Ay.'"

"Ay!!!"

"Well, Vera, we will see you at seven-thirty and say good bye, for now, as here is your father with a porter for your bags and so forth, and I suppose the carriage is waiting.

'09.

We are sorry to announce that we have received no exchanges as yet. Has everyone forgotten us?

TRAIN TROUBLES

"All aboard," yelled the conductor.

"Pile on there, you kids, all of yez, an' hurry up about it, too," cried Mrs. Patrick Murphy to her children. "Sadie, hev ye got thim bundles I told yez to get? Hurry up Mike, the train'l go and lave us here. Get the kids in a sate, Sadie, afore the train gits agoin', fer they'll all sit on the floor if ye don't."

The deliverer of these directions was a fat Irish woman who was returning home from shopping with five children and twenty bundles. The youngest child was a baby of two or three months; next came Mike, aged three; then Maggy, aged five, Jerry, aged seven, and Sadie aged eleven.

"Here, youze, here's some sates," she began again. "Mike an' Maggy, yez can sit on the sate with me. Sadie you turn that sate over so that you and Jerry can sit there an' stack thim bundles up between ye. Well, say, will yez look at Maggy's hair. Tie it up, Sadie, will ye? Now the rest of youze sit still an' look out the window."

At this point the children became rather restless owing to the monotony of the scenery. The baby took to bawling while Mike sought pleasure in pulling Maggy's hair.

"Shut up, you runt," said Mrs. Murphy, giving the baby a shake,

"Can't yez behave like a respectful kid fur two minutes? Sadie, haul thet bottle out of my bag an-"

"Say, Ma," sang out Maggy, "Mike is pullin' me wool."

"Hey, Mike, quit that you, or I'll give yez a paste in the jaw. Sadie, hurry up with thet bottle, the kid'll yell hisself sick."

Receiving the bottle from Sadie it was rammed unceremoniously into the baby's mouth, whereupon he calmed down. At this point a gentleman in the seat back of Mrs. Murphy was heard remarking to his friend:

"Anybody with a bunch of kids like that ought to stay at home."

This was too much for Mrs. Murphy, who turned around and remarked:

"Now yez look a-here, my man, I'm payin' fur this here bunch, except fer the tree smallest, an' I gut just as much right to ride on here wit my family as you have, see." Then she turned around and continued to her children:

"Sadie, take Maggy's finger out of her mouth or she'll chaw it off. What did I tell you about pulling Maggy's hair, Michael Murphy." Hereupon she administered a box on his ear. Michael set up a howl in which the baby joined, so the bottle was brought into play and rammed nearly down the baby's throat. At this point the train slowed down suddenly and all the bundles were knocked onto the floor.

the Lord's sake," bawled Mrs. Murphy, "can't the two of yez hang onto thim bundles?" The next few minutes were occupied in picking the bundles off the floor.

"What station is this?" sang out Jerry as the train stopped. "Aint it where we get off?"

"Begorra if it aint," cried Mrs. Murphy. "Hey, there! grab those bundles; yez two, an' get a move on about it. Come along here, you kid, and make yezselves come fast, too."

Hereupon the children grabbed their belongings and hastened down the alsle.

"Thank Heaven!" murmured the man behind them, as the last youngster stumbled out of the door.

F. Twombly, '09.

THE SORROWS OF A SCHOOL-GIRL.

If this is all it will be like, I wish to Die—I don't care how— While I am Very, Very Young: As young almost as Now.

They never felt what Sorrow was. They never learned their Golden Rule; say, "These are your happiest They say, days!"

With School, School, School. When Saturday's all out of breath,

With all the livelong week in sight; And Monday, coming after you, Spoils every Sunday night.

And nothing Done but Yesterdays; And nothing coming but Tomorrows! Don't cheer me up—Please let me be— I have the Sorrows.

-[Josephine Preston Peabody, in Harper's Bazaar.

THE OLD DOOR-STEP.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" sighed the old door-step, "I don't like these people at all. They use me so rudely. The old people never used me like this. Here I am torn away from my door and thrown into the woodpile to await being cut into kindling by that horrid man.

"Yes, it was over fifty years ago that I was first put up by that door, where I have remained that many years. I was proud of myself then. I had a beautiful coat of dark green, and I envied no one. I was young and had not seen much of the world.

"This old house was built for young Philip Corriner and his bride, Hattie Lawson. I can remember though it is so long ago their frequent visits to the house before their marriage. I cannot remember the number of times that they passed over me and entered the house which was to be their home together. Every evening they would come and sit down upon me to dream and talk of the future.

"And then they were married and came here to live. Those were happy days. Every evening Hattie would come out upon me and watch for her husband. Often she would go down the road a little and they would come back together arm in arm, laughing and chatting gaily. And thus a year passed away.

"One day I heard Spot, the dog, and old Tabby talking about a great good fortune that had come to Hattie and Philip. I listened but could not make out what it was. So I asked Spot:

"'What is that great thing you are talking about?'

"'Why, don't you know, you stupid,' he answered. 'There's a little baby boy in the house.'

"And of course we all rejoiced with our master and mistress.

"It was not many years before little Robert and his tiny sister, Margaret, were playing about in the yard, and then, oh, what fun it was to hear their childish prattle all day long. Oh, how I loved those children. No one could have loved them more.

"Well, of course they grew up, as children always do, I am sorry to say, and nothing else of interest happened until Robert was nearly seventeen. Often he and Margaret would come from school, and sitting down on my broad back would study their lessons together. They were much attached to each other; 'inseparables' they were often called.

"But I shall never forget that last day that I saw Margaret. She had not been very well that day and had stayed from school. At about time for her brother to return, she came out of doors humming gaily to herself, and espying Robert coming hastily up the road, she skipped out to meet him, just as if she had never been sick in her life.

"Well, Peggy,' I heard Robert

say as he entered the gate, 'How are you feeling now?'

"'Oh, I'll be all right tomorrow,' she answered, happily, as they entered the house.

"Those were the last words I ever heard Margaret say. She was not all right the next morning, for the doctor was called, and every day for the next two weeks he stepped upon me with the same grave expression on his face. Every one went around with hushed footfalls and low voices.

"But on the last day of those dreadful two weeks, Robert came out with the doctor. They talked in low voices for a few minutes and then the doctor drove away. Robert dropped down in the accustomed place, and laying his curly head on Spot's shaggy coat, cried as if his heart would break.

"'We'll never see Peggy again, Spot, old boy,' he whispered. ''Cause she's dead.'

"On Sunday morning a great number of people passed over me, and after a while a white trimmed carriage came to the door. A big, long box was brought out and afterward I learned that Margaret was in that box. They took her away,—I don't know where,—and as I have said, I never saw her again.

"This was the saddest part of my life. But a happier time came the day that Robert brought home his young wife, Ellen. This was twelve years after Margaret's death. Ellen was so much like Margaret; the same sweet ways and sunny smile. Often and often they would sit together with the old people in the moonlight and talk about the long-lost loved one.

"Then came the bright days when their little baby Margaret played about me and my back was nearly worn through by the three riotous boys.

"But three years ago, and within a month of each other, Philip and Hattie died and were carried away from us.

"Oh," and the old door-step heaved another great sigh, "only a few weeks ago, when Margaret and her mother were seated on my worn old back, Ellen told her daughter that they had lost all their money and the old homestead must be sold.

"So it was sold, and here am I. After submitting to the hardship of having all that furniture moved in over me without even a creak, I must be thrown rudely out here, to be succeeded by a younger and brighter step. Oh, dear, my working days are over and here comes that man with the ax.

"I don't think I am altogether useless yet, though my back is well worn and I am not so handsome as I was, and I know that if my old friends were here I would not be used this way. But I suppose people think they know better than a poor old door-step."

VIOLA E. BLAIR, Eng. IV. B.

ALUMNI NOTES

The following members of the Class of 1908 are attending the Massachusetts College of Commerce—Marion Stone Bancroft, Almeda Elizabeth Colby, Roy Wilson Turner, Grace Clark Mansfield, Nora Lena Cullinane.

Henry Blethen, May Lillian Forbes and Russell Willis Davis are attending Burdett.

Five of the '08 Class are post graduates at the Reading High School: Marjorie Roberts, Muriel Alice Emerson, Charles Warren Underhill, Benjamin Martin Hartshorn and Oscar Harris Rounds.

George Clark Brooks, '08, is attending Bowdoin College and Luke Terrance Devaney, '08, Tufts Medical School. Ruth Peabody is at North Adams Normal School. Susie Granfield and Hilda Weston Eames are attending Salem Normal School.

Susie Carrie Simpson has accepted a position as school teacher in New Hampshire.

John Whitley Underhill is attending the University of Maine.

Robert Jewett Barr is in the wholesale shoe business, while

Leland Waldron Kingman is in the wholesale meat business.

John Cavill Holmes is employed by the National Shawmut Bank of Boston, Massachusetts.

William Campbell Barrett is learning the band saw and belt knife business of J. L. Fowle.

Everett Brown is a clerk at Carpenter's Grocery Store, North Reading.

William Connolly is working for the Boston & Maine Railroad.

Margaret Louise Robinson is at home.

Rose Imelda Devaney is working at Akerley's Brush Factory, Reading.

George Raymond Moses is employed by D'Arcy & Company, dealers in blinds, sashes, etc.

Ethel G. Trask is attending the Boston Normal Art School.

Bernice A. Batchelder, '07, is at Bridgewater Normal School.

Violet B. Robinson is a full-fledged student at Radcliffe. She is a member of the Idlers, the Emanuel Society, and plays on the hockey team.



MISCELLANEOUS

Weren't we just happy when we won the track meet?

You bet.

And didn't we toss up our caps and sweaters as high as we could, and jump up and down and holler for all we were worth?

Well, I reckon.

And didn't we feel like going up and shaking hands with every fellow that helped win?

Betcher life.

And aren't we going to put it all over them again next spring?

Surest thing you know.

Many of the scholars are alarmed at the way the portions of pie in the lunch room are shrinking. Perhaps the dry weather is the cause of this. In French IV.—"Now I want everybody to pay attention to his work—that means H—n—l." (Laugh from class.) "Now H—n—l dont get conceited."

Heard in music—"You'll find the thing I'm after this morning is a (t) tack.

German teacher giving isolated verb forms, "'I shall become,'— Black."

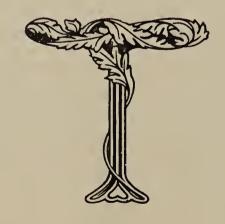
Murmur from the back of the room, "You mean 'Brown'."

French translation, "Le farouche organiste."

"The sullen organist."

In History IV.—"What cape did Magellan round?"

Student-"Cape Ann."



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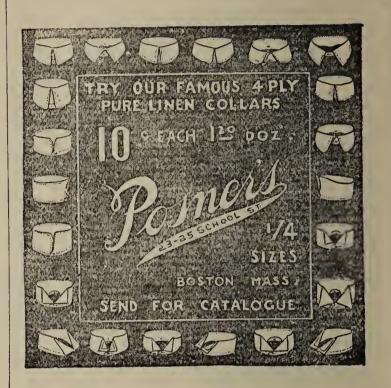
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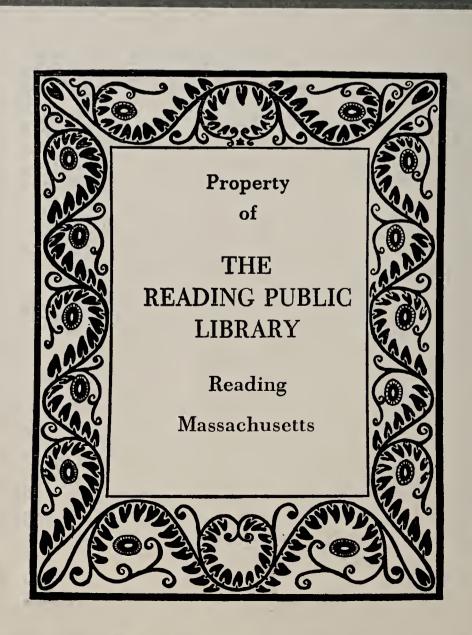


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The Pioneer



MARCH 1909



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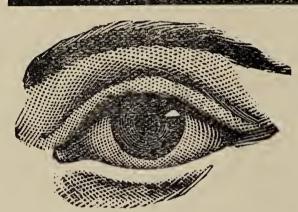
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A Cament

Reading High that certain wise men of a town named Concord, which being interpreted signifieth peace, gathered themselves together and held council among themselves saying, "How shall we bring unto ourselves a leader of the youths that is better than any other leader?"

Now it happened that one among them was a mighty traveller and had journeyed to many towns even beyond the borders of his own country and among them a village named Reading, which being interpreted means good schools, and there in the finest temple of learning met one William surnamed Redden, a man of great understanding as a counselor of youths and damsels, a mighty man of valor and prowess, a skilled leader in the handling of test tubes, bones, germ culture, ball for the basket and ball for the bat.

Now this wise traveller of Concord, being of sound mind and full of wisdom, lifted up his voice and said to his brethren:

"Let us take unto ourselves William that is called Redden of Reading." They sent forth a messenger who delivered the message which called the mighty man of prowess and valor and understanding to come into their midst.

And word of the doings went abroad thro'out the temple and the village of Reading and one and all cried, "Not So! These shall not take our beloved leader from our midst, lest we fall from the honor roll or fail to win cups of gold and silver for the mantle of the temple."

But William the wise and just one said: — "I must depart from among you and no longer have dominion over your physics, physiology and your sports."

Then all lifted up their voices in a loud lamentation and some cried in one way and some in another, and the sorrow among them was grievous and very great, so that it was heard thro'out the land, so that even the wise men of Concord heard the lament.

Yet they hardened their hearts and took him away.

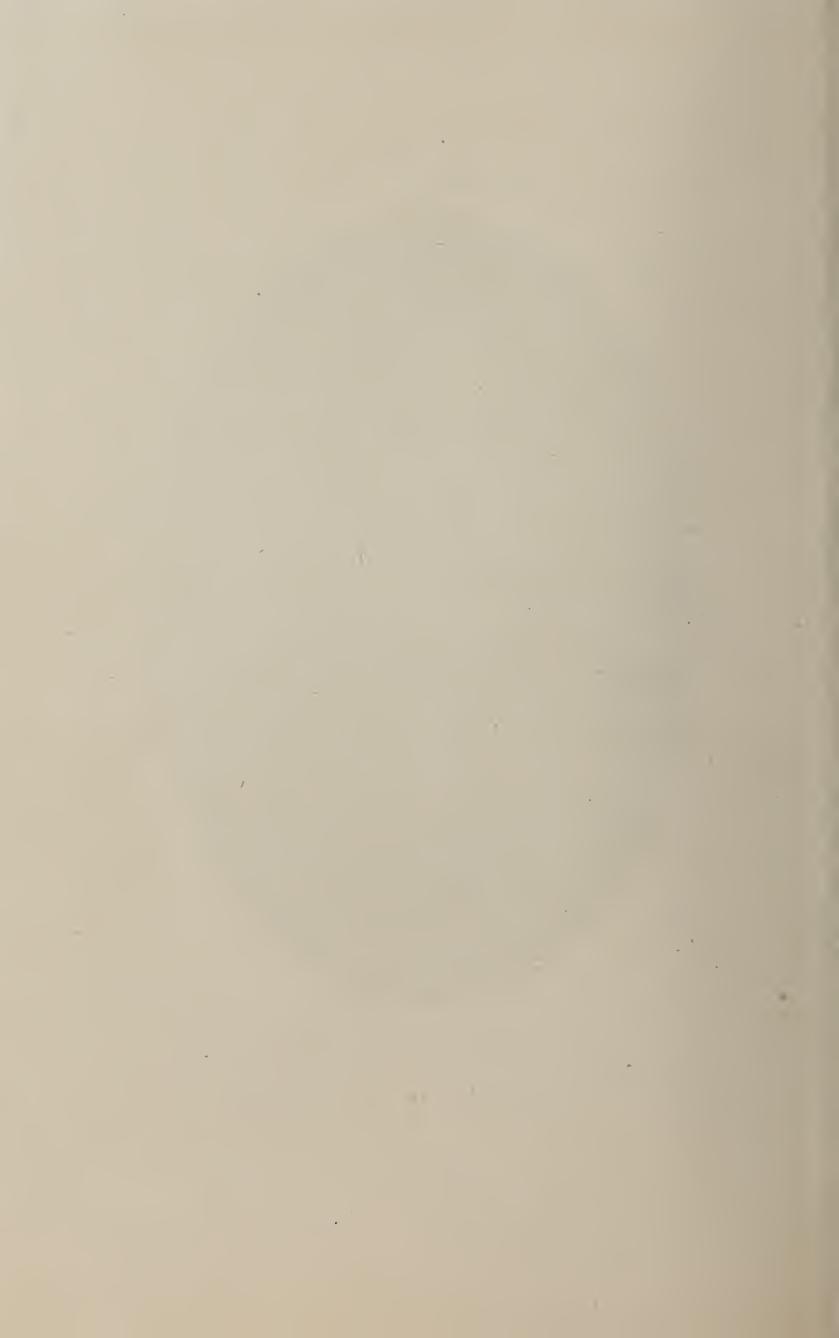
DOROTHY DAVIES.



WILLIAM R. REDDEN

SUBMASTER R. H. S., APRIL, 1907, TO FEBRUARY, 1909

To whom this issue of "THE PIONEER" is respectfully dedicated, as a tribute to an able man, a skilful teacher, and a kindly friend



The Pioneer

MARCH TWENTY

1909

Published by the Reading High School

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Editorials

THIS number of THE PIONEER is respectfully dedicated to Mr. W. R. Redden, the students' friend. It was with the deepest regret that the news of his decision to leave Reading High School was received and it was with difficulty that a successor was found who, we are sure, will maintain successfully the position of sub-master.

It is very rare that a person of such capabilities is found in a subordinate position and he has the cordial congratulations of everybody in securing such a splendid opportunity of advancement.

During the two years of his stay at Reading, the base ball and basket ball teams have been well organized and show the effect of his careful coaching. Everyone knows the success the track team met with last fall, which was almost entirely due to Mr. Redden's efforts.

His ability as instructor of biology and physiology, his engaging personality, and the interest he has always taken in the affairs of the pupils have won the regard of all the students of the High School, who all join in tendering him their best wishes for a successful and happy future.

Parliamentary law and public speaking is now being taken up as a study in the school.

The vast importance of this study is readily seen when we realize that:—
If all the men of today were acquainted with the general forms and customs of carrying on a meeting, if they had the ability to put their ideas before those present and then would interest themselves in public affairs and vital questions of the day, the politics of the town, state and the country would be run by all the people, instead of by a few who seem to have only their own interests in view.

If men will not interest themselves in such affairs, no one is to blame for the results but themselves. But who would interest himself and take an active part in a meeting when he did not have the confidence, gained from knowledge of the method of procedure?

This is why a few men can make the denomination of the bonds of money, which a town is to borrow, as high as they wish, thereby taking the money out of town which would otherwise have helped the town on to prosperity. How often have we seen the president of a meeting, such as that of the directors of a small bank or a stockholders' meeting, influence the rest because of his power of speech and knowledge of parliamentary law. When this gentleman recommends things which he knows are not right (merely because of a petty inducement), the rest follow in his footsteps and say "aye!" to everything he suggests.

Such conditions are known to exist in every city and town. Therefore let us, the men and women of tomorrow, grasp the opportunity now, of studying parliamentary law and public speaking, as presented in our public schools as a matter of economy and prosperity in the future.

We are glad to note that the fears entertained by a certain citizen as to the safety of the High School pupils in case of fire were groundless. He made some statements recently of startling originality in regard to the fire drill, including a very grave charge against the manliness of the boys of the senior class. The statements were without foundation and the charge of cowardice was absurd to anyone knowing the boys in question. We are sorry that anyone should misstate facts in this fashion without taking trouble to verify his statements.

The building has been inspected by Jophanus A. Whitney, chief of building inspectors of Boston, and pronounced to be well provided with sufficient exits and protective agencies.

Formerly, when the report cards came out, a list was read in assembly of those whose percentage was above This was stopped recently on the ground that the abilities of some are less than others and those not on the list might feel that it was unfair to read the names. We are sure that this is not, in reality, the case, and that those not on the list rejoice in the triumph of their companions. When the custom was started it was with the idea that it should be an incentive to greater endeavor on the part of the students and we have no reason to believe that this was not the case.

By the much appreciated suggestion of Mr. Redden, electric lights installed in the High were gymnasium. lights These School were paid for by pennies donated to the good cause by the many friends of the school and those interested in basket ball. Now evening games are played in the High School thus not only affording an opportunity to the alumni to witness games played by the High School team but also furnishing the first source of income from gate receipts which R. H. S. has ever known. These games have shown the interest of the students as well as the townspeople in High School athletics, for they have been well attended.

A base ball league has been formed consisting of Winthrop, Revere, Lynn Classical and Reading High Schools. Another school is likely to join next year. All of these towns can be easily reached by electric lines. A league always increases the interest in any sport on account of the element of competition involved. It is to be hoped that our relations with these schools will prove more enjoyable than with some of those with whom we were formerly associated.

Twice this year it has happened that a team scheduled to play at Reading has failed to appear. This caused great inconvenience to us and also showed remissness in business management on the part of the opposing team. The Reading High teams always keep their engagements.

The editors were overjoyed to receive a letter the other day actually soliciting an opportunity to advertise in the Pioneer. This is somewhat like Leap year in its departure from the usual. It surely furnishes positive proof of the good results of Pioneer advertising.

Col. Carroll D. Wright, who died Feb. 20, 1909, was for many years a resident of Reading. Part of his education was received in Reading High School. He held an important government position for many years until he was called to the presidency of Clark College at Worcester, which he retained until his death. He always remembered with pleasure the years he spent in Reading and never lost his interest in the townspeople and town affairs.

The Alumni Banquet, Dec. 30, 1908, proved a very enjoyable affair.

Heard in music:

- "How fussy I am, isn't it?"
- "Well, do you think this is a pink tea?"
 - "I know I'm not a good soprano."

Virgil IV:

V. Y—ng: "Fuge, nate." Fly, my son.

Rather an exacting father. Yes?
M. Fl-nt: "Retro pedem cum
voce repressit."

He stopped his foot with his voice.

Heard in Freshman History:

"What is the meaning of the word ostracized?"

B-bc-k: "A man is ostracized when he is sent to Sing Sing."

Who said "chicken pies?" Oh, weren't those girls mad!

THE AMERICAN AND THE RUSSIAN SCHOOL.

Among the American school boys there is a small fraction of dissatisfied "kickers" who constantly find fault with all except themselves. For everything they have a readymade criticism, to every existing rule and regulation they bid defi-They hate the teachers, hate school, and everything that pertains To do mischief in every shape or form, to make intentional disturbances during recitations, to ridicule the teachers and the general system of teaching seem to be their sole delight. Vices of that nature are very contagious, and may prove a menace to pupils who lack self-control. In order to avoid such results we must prove to these dissatisfied students how unjust their behavior

Such a task is a rather difficult one, for people of that sort are hardly capable of listening to logical reasoning. Their impressions are merely based upon momentary impulses, not upon systematic logical deduction. If a teacher tells a pupil to appear at an afternoon session, she or he is regarded as the lowest and meanest creature on earth (I have often heard expressions of that sort). Naturally, it follows that the head of a school employing such

teachers is regarded from the same point of view.

That is their mode of thinking; that is their way of reasoning. They do not see that they themselves compel the teachers to adopt such measures. They do not understand that everything is done for their own good.

But they are not to be blamed for it: it is an old human weakness to be discontented when one is taken too much care of, when one is given too much attention. Discontent has always been a direct result of superfluity. Several centuries ago, when Great Moses rescued Hebrews from the claws of Egyptian slavery; and with triumph, led them on their journey to the glorious land of Zion; even then, overburdened with riches and success, they rebelled against their benefactor and savior, and with one voice cried, "Give us meat."

The American school boys under consideration are no worse than those rebellious Hebrews. Obtaining their education without difficulty, without the slightest hindrance, they soon grow weary of the monotony; and instead of looking up with respect and admiration to those who are making every possible effort to assist them in their struggle for existence, they divert themselves with irritating them.

A similar spirit of antagonism exists in Russia, but there it embraces greater proportions than in the United States. Here it is comparitively a very small defect of the school organism, a fact that is chiefly due to the perfection of the American school-system; but, in Russia, it has become a chronic sickness which can only be cured by fundamental reforms. The school is entirely dependent upon the government. And the government officials realizing that the enlightenment of the Russian masses would expose the debauchery of their system, purposely keep the Russian people ignorant in order to gain utter obedience and subjection. Therefore the Russian boy who is striving to gain an education suddenly meets a huge mountain which entirely obstructs his way. The result due to such treatment is quite evident. Hundreds and thousands of Russian boys with wonderful abilities but too feeble to climb that mountain, are carried away by the stream of fate, and pitilessly confounded with the mud of ignorance, therefore misery. O! how pitiful and heartrending it is to hear those vouths lament and bemoan their fate. In my own personal experience I have come in contact with a multitude of boys who have thus been sacrificed to the idol of crime. that monstrous flame of ambition

which was once burning in the breasts of these youths with such splendid and lustrous colors has turned into a pile of ashes, which some day will rise in a terrible cloud and fill the eyes of the guilty ones.

What I have related till now is not a mere sensational narrative based upon idle fantasy, or imagination; but is a truth which is drawn from the very source of life; from the very heart of experience. The facts which might serve as illustrations of the truth are so numerous that it would take a whole book to describe them; therefore, I shall content myself with relating a few most important ones.

In the year 1904, in the city of Vilna, a grammar school boy committed suicide. The boy was a born philosopher and the tender heart of the little thinker could not endure to see the cruelty and oppression which was exercised in his native country. The very same year is marked with a few strikes of high school pupils who were protesting against severity. The strike ended with half of the pupils punished and expelled. of them were even sent to prison. A few more suicides due to the aforesaid cause close the year 1904.

In 1906, I think, in the very same city of Vilna, a *gymnasist* (a high school boy) the son of a prominent cloth merchant by the name of

Browdo, was expelled from gymnasia because he refused to act as a traitor. On the eve of his expulsion he attended a secret revolutionary meeting composed of gymnasts. The director of the gymnasia was notified by his spies that a secret meeting was held, but the place, and the students present they did not know.

As I have already said before, the school in Russia is entirely dependent upon the Russian government, and the school officials are not only to look after the interests of the school, but are also government spies, supposed to see that students are "politically safe." director of the gymnasia summoned Browdo, who was already suspected as loving justice too well, and asked him to give him a list of the names of those students who were present at meeting. But Browdo The director threatened to dumb. have him arrested, even offered him his pardon if he only gave him the required names. But no inducement, no threats, could change the decision of our friend Browdo; he kept his secret locked in his breast and was as silent as the grave. was immediately expelled and noted as a dangerous person. noble boy was so deeply offended by the vile offer of the director that he went home and took poison.

The recent student riots and strikes in the cities of St. Petersburg,

Moskow, Kazan and Kief serve as another illustration of the truth. The students of the above mentioned cities forwarded petitions to their respective school authorities begging them to re-admit to school those pupils who were expelled because the directors regarded them as politically unsafe. The appeal was emphatically refused. The rose like one man; smashed every bit of furniture, broke all the windows in the schools and poured out on the street in a huge demonstra-The Cossacks were immetion. diately called: those savage wolves without a conscience, who kill automatically without a frown, without regret. Like wild beasts they threw themselves into the thick crowd of students, trampling them under their horses' hoofs and smashing out their brains with their nagaikas (a short whip with a heavy piece of lead on the end). After all the students were dispersed, the streets were strewn with hundreds of dead and wounded. But this was not the end yet. Hundreds of arrests were made which were followed by numerous exiles and that wholesale butchery which they call execution.

Such are the school conditions in Russia; such is the foundation the Russian school system is based upon. And such a country is considered to be a civilized country.

However, there is a black cloud gathering on the political horizon of

Russia which increases in size rapidly, and becomes more and more threatening. And who knows? Perhaps the day is drawing near when a terrible storm will burst forth which will be written down in the pages of history with red letters of Russian blood.

Concerning the American schools there remains to say little, or nothing at all. For the very fact itself that the Russian boys, who are seeking an education, flee from their native soil, abandon their friends, relatives and parents; expose themselves to all sorts of danger; take the risk of facing the dread of starvation, and flock to the schools of this country, is a sufficient proof of the superiority of the American schools.

Now, my dear American friends, do you realize your mistake? you confess your guilt in being dissatisfied? Do you see now that your teachers are going hand in hand with you, not with your enemies, and are trying to draw you out from the mire of ignorance in order to place you on the magnificent throne of knowledge? If you don't, it will be a great pity. But the Russian boys who "have gone through the mill" know how to appreciate the real value of your schools. Gratefully do they grasp the golden cup of knowledge offered them; and eagerly do they sip that wonderful beverage. For experience has taught them the real value of education.

is the torch-light which illumines our way through life. It is that mysterious hand which draws aside the curtain of uncertainty and superstition and reveals before our eyes the reality of life. Like a gentle breeze in spring it disperses the mist of ignorance; and, exposing the splendor and beauty of life, makes it interesting and attractive. It is that miraculous power which makes the invisible visible, the impossible possible, and the doubtful positive. is our Savior, our God who destroys human sufferings, and leads nations of the world towards the realms of glory, towards the regions of perfections.

L. Badanes, '10.

A TRIP TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH.

At last it was finished. We had worked for many weeks on our "Human Mole." It was a machine that dug like a mole and threw the dirt backwards. It was made of the hardest steel except the point and this was made of a compound which vied with the diamond in hardness. It was capable of digging at the rate of three hundred miles an hour and if it struck a ledge it hardly made any difference. It made a hole twenty by twenty feet. There were three of us with our slave Boso who was an importation from Chelsea.

At the most we expected to be two days and a night on the trip spending one day in exploring the center of the earth, and then continuing our journey and coming out near the Malay Peninsular.

After saying goodby to our wives and children we cranked our four and a half power engine and away we flew at sixty miles an hour. I will now quote the log:

Jan. 6: 4 P. M. No wind. First mate and Boso had a fight in order to settle in which direction the Human Mole was going by the compass. It is still unsettled.

8 P. M. Struck an oil well. All the oil following us. Will put the Standard Oil Co. in bankruptcy.

12 P. M. Boso just had a crazy spell and let the gasolene out. We stopped until some of the oil caught up to us and refined it, then started again with a full supply of gasolene.

Jan. 7: 4 A. M. The earth is getting punky.

8 A. M. Getting still punkier. No wind. Weather cloudy. The barometer is rising.

12 m. Struck a spring of mineral water. Stopped and had a few drinks.

4 P. M. Boso got wild again and let out some of the compressed oxygen which we had to refresh the air, and we floated around

with our heads touching the ceiling.

8 P. M. Increased our speed to eighty miles an hour. The sides of the machine are getting hot from friction.

12 M. Speed still further increased to two hundred and eighty miles an hour. Our four and a half horse-power engine is going almost its limit now. Looking at the earth outside reminds one of a moving picture show.

Jan. 8: 4 A. M. Let the engine out to its limit. It is going three hundred miles an hour now.

Jan. 12: Popped out this morning near the Philippines chasing the machine. At about five A. M. Jan. 8 Boso let out all the oxygen and it filled us full of life. I went behind the machine to run a while to get some of the oxygen run out of my system and I lost consciousness and must have chased that machine around inside the earth for four days at three hundred miles an hour. We blew up the Human Mole and took the next steamer home.

R. STEMBRIDGE.

Then to the well-trod stage anon
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
—Milton's L'Allegro.

Strange how attractive Cambridge is, sometimes.

FROM NEW YORK TO LONDON BY THE AIR LINE 2009 A. D.

My friend received a wireless message the other morning which required his immediate presence in London and not wanting to go alone, he invited me to accompany him. We ate our breakfast and then he telephoned for his aeroplane. took the elevator to the roof of the house where the landing was situated and there we found it waiting for us. We told the captain where wished to go and soon we were speeding over New York City. crossed the East River onto the Brooklyn side and alighted at the Universal Landing of the United Cooperated Air Line. We dismiss our plane and here we await the arrival of the next ship for London. are already a number of people assembled and private or hired planes are continually arriving with more. We stroll to the edge of the landing and look down. It is a large but graceful structure about one hundred feet high and is alumsteelum, a newly discovered metal.

The lower floor is made up of a number of stores. On the next floor there is the dining room and ladies' parlor. The third floor comprises the smoking room, library and an electrical barber shop. The fourth

floor is the waiting room. Around the room there are many pictures of the Wright brothers, Dr. Bell and many others of the martyrs of flying and their first machines. In this room we see many people assembled waiting for the ship. They are dressed in the latest style. The men wear knee-pants and two-thirds padded coats. The pants have large silver and gold buckles on them. Their vests are brightly colored and are like those now worn by hostlers. They wear long, bright, fancy colored stockings, while some prefer leather leggings. Their shirts and neckties are all one piece, the neckties resembling large mufflers. It seems that the more color you can get on the better you are dressed. hats are like tall hats, only the top is round instead of flat, but some prefer the turtle hats like those worn by Chinese coolies. The women have on skirts that come to their knees, fancy stockings and sandals. Their waists are made of two distinctly different colors, one color running in one direction, the other color running in the opposite direc-They have brightly colored handkerchiefs knotted about their necks. On the whole these people present a very queer appearance to one unaccustomed to such sights.

We now walk to the front of the landing, the side that faces the river and New York City. We see rising

before us many gigantic buildings. Just to the right of us there is the largest building in the world. It is owned by the New York City Investing Co., and is let as offices. is seventy-five stories high and rises 1500 feet from the curbstone. surmounted by four large towers, each of which has a large search The latter, when lit at light in it. night, can be seen for hundreds of miles out at sea. There are also many other large buildings of different shapes and sizes.

On the opposite bank there is a building that looks considerably like the present United States Treasury building at Washington, D. C. This is the Cunard Line dock, just leaving which is a large six funnel steamer. It is 1,000 feet long and has accommodations for 10,000 people. It has a set of steam turbines of 100,000 Sailing by is a tenhorse-power. masted freighter. These are very common in this advanced century. Many pleasure craft are leaving the private landings for the yacht and aeroplane races.

After waiting here for half an hour we suddenly hear a whirring and see a great shadow; and the airship comes lightly alongside. Ropes are thrown over the posts, the anchors dropped and the ship stops. The moving stairway is run across and the people come ashore. Let us take the opportunity to examine the ship.

The gas bag is 1,000 ft. long, 100 ft. wide at one end and 50 ft. at the other end. It is 200 ft. high. has a capacity of 20,000,000 cu. ft. of gas. The deck is 750 ft. long and 65 ft. wide and has four tiers of staterooms. It has accommodations for 5,000 people. Suspended from the stern of the ship is the rudder. It is 60 ft. wide and 75 ft. long. has a wooden framework heavy silk covering. The ship driven by six propellers, three each side, which have a diameter of 90 ft. Below the deck is the aluminum framework, suspended in which there is the engine-room. gine is a 90,000 horse-power, self gas-feeding engine.

When all the passengers are ashore we go aboard, and go directly to our staterooms. We are allowed to carry only what baggage is necessary for the voyage. The rest of our baggage is brought over by the steamer. Just before starting we go on deck, a siren whistle is blown, the belated passengers hurry aboard, the moving stairway is pushed ashore, the ropes cast off, anchors pulled in and the ship gently rises.

We soar over New York harbor, passing all kinds of craft coming in and going out. As we reach the Statue of Liberty the light man is just there in his aeroplane fixing the lights; we circle round her head once for luck. In passing Sandy Hook

we are just in time to see the finish of the yacht race in which Sir Thomas Lipton's great, great-grandson is as badly beaten as his great, great-grandfather was. The policeplanes are kept busy keeping the course free from aeroplanes and balloons as the aeroplane races are about to start. Soon all the din and gaiety is left behind and we go below to the smoking room where there are plenty of comfortable chairs. Here we sit and listen to the news of the day recited by a phonograph. We remain here until supper is announced, and find that we are in luck, for we are at the captain's table. He is a jolly good fellow and keeps us interested with his tales of adventure. supper is finished we go on deck. The moon is shining brightly and all is quiet and serene except for the whirring of the propellers and the machinery. Suddenly this stillness is broken by a dull monotonous sound, and looking below we see the large steamer that left four hours before we did. Suddenly we hear a whirring and the evening airship to New York passes us. Now the way is clear and we start on our sixty mile an hour pace. I am nearly asleep when I hear my friend jump to his feet and utter an exclamation. He told me that he had forgotten some very important business and he went to the wireless telegraph office and sent a message to his secretary.

Every hour the voice of the watch may be heard telling the time and the course of the ship. At last we go below and turn in.

We are awakened in the morning by the blowing of a whistle and going to our stateroom window we see a steamer bound for New York. We dress and go on deck. We are called below to breakfast and return to the deck again. The children are running around playing tag and hideand-seek, while their parents around in groups and talk. walk up forward to the bridge and the captain seeing us looking around invites us up. He shows us all the delicate instruments used in operating the ship. Just before dinner we pass the U.S. Mail carrier. airship is a great deal smaller, lighter and swifter than ours. He has no deck, but sits upon a small seat, protected by a heart shaped shield. From his seat he can operate his engine. The postman of our ship puts a bag of letters in an air-gun and shoots it up to the mail carrier. About four o'clock we begin to catch glimpses of land, and by five we see the towers of the large buildings of London. We cross the Thames River and approach the landing. Ropes are thrown over the poles, the anchor dropped and we come to rest alongside the landing. The moving stair-way is pushed across and we step ashore having made the trip in

two days and two hours and averaging the remarkable speed of sixty miles an hour.

CARL M. SMITH, R. H. S. '10.

ALUMNI NOTES

Class of '06

Helen Raymond Abbott of Class 1906 is attending Mt. Holyoke. Josephine Henrietta Leach and Marion Belle Turner of the same class are also attending the same college.

Stanley Prescott Hunnewell will complete his Sophomore year at Harvard College this coming June.

Chester Albert Jenkins is attending Dartmouth.

Dean Peabody, Jr., is at Tech.

Edward Harrison Turner is attending the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

Annie Beryl Bruorton is at the Salem Normal School.

George Benjamin Beaudry is in the engraving business.

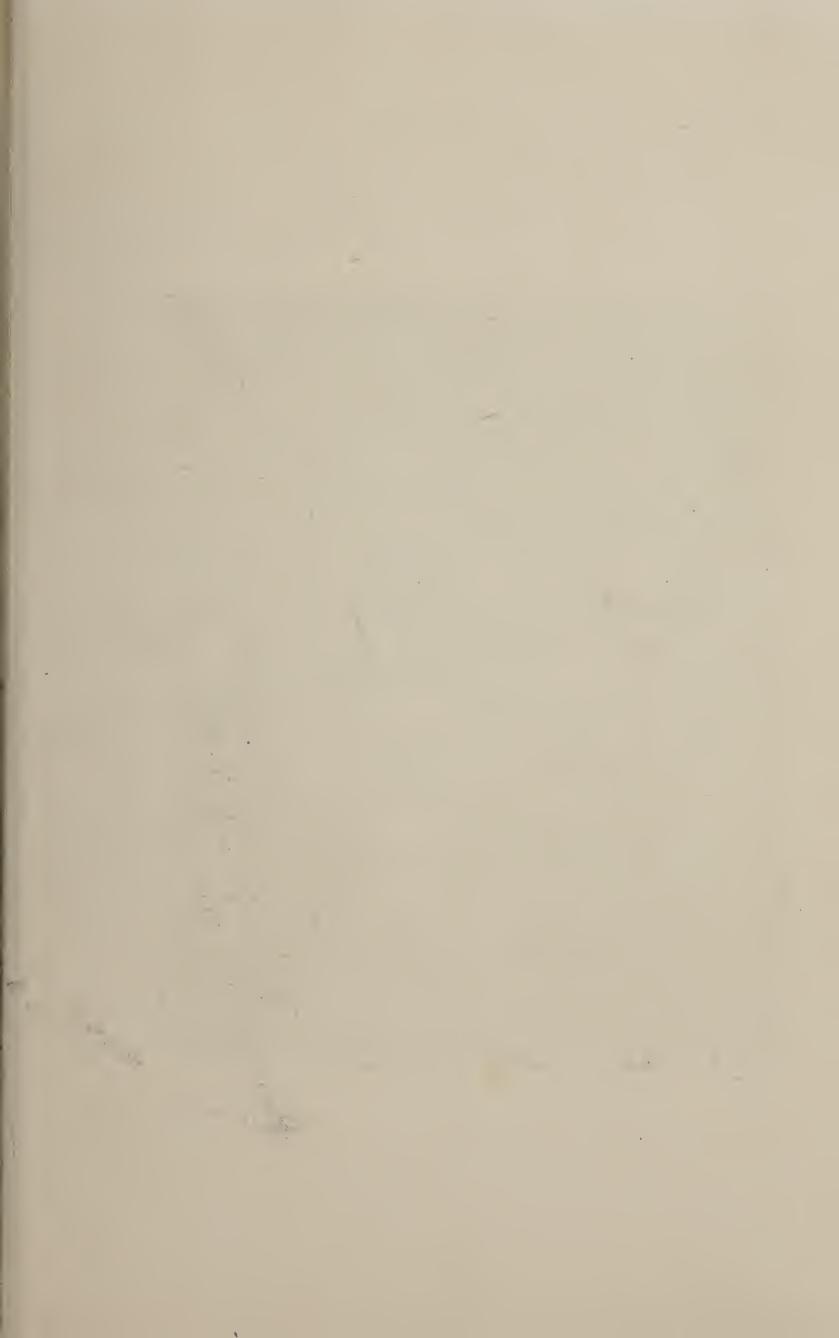
Beulah Snow Chisholm, Esther Frances Emerson and Adelaide Louise Robertson have positions as stenographers.

Winnie Isabelle Mansfield is employed by the Quincy Market as cashier.

Wilbur Francis Turner, Jr., has taken up photography.

Roland Rounds is now a travelling salesman for a wholesale woolen house of Boston, Massachusetts.

Isabel Gertrude and Sybil Marion White are attending Normal School.





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CLASS OF '07

Malcolm R. Buck is at Amherst.

John L. Eisenhaure is attending the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

Marion E. Walsh is a student at Vassar College.

Arthur G. Winship is attending Dartmouth.

Sumner C. Whittier has taken up farming as a vocation.

Leonard G. Bartlett is employed as chauffeur.

Arthur M. Batchelder has taken up painting as a business.

C. Edith Buckle is at the Normal Art School.

Timothy Canty is attending the Lowell Textile School.

Etta M. Doyle is at home.

William L. Esterberg is employed as clerk in a silk dealer's store in Boston.

Dotty M. Hodson is at home.

Lealia A. Jones has a position as bookkeeper with Henry R. Johnson.

French teacher, meaning "let's have the filing snappy," says "let's have the sniling flappy."

A PUZZLE

The high school girls with their glossy curls And cheeks of dainty pink,

As they mince along in a laughing throng Look mighty nice, I think.

But I'd like to know how cheeks can glow Like rosebuds in a bunch

On the daily fare of the stale eclair Or a macaroon for lunch.

-Pittsburg Post

MISCELLANEOUS

In English I:

"What is a quorum?"

"Something to keep little fishes in."

In English II:

"Ivanhoe walked around on the horse's back."

Easily explained:

She: "I don't see how the Freshmen can keep their little caps on their heads."

He: "Vacuum pressure, of course."

Judging by his freshness:

Gerald: "They say that a man becomes what he eats."

Geraldine: "You ought to try stale bread for a while."

Marriage: An institution for the blind.

One day, first term, a Freshie green From third to lower floor skipped down And stood beside her desk, I ween The most astonished girl in town— Then turned and hustled thro' the door, For Freshie had misjudged the floor.

Definition of an afternoon tea: giggle, gabble, gobble, go.

We are informed that M. F., '09, is a crank on proper mastication. Possibly she thinks this is a good way to get thin. So far, however, we have noticed no material difference.

Joseph F. Quinlan is employed by the Queen Quality Shoe Company.

We understand that a certain young lady sent "Kid" U——some fudge the other day and he's been to the dentist every day since.

French IV:

"Un avocat ne vit il pas entrer chez lui?"

"Did a lawyer not see himself home?"

Soph. Physics:

Teacher: "When does water freeze?"

Pupil: "When it's cold."

Teacher: "What are you laughing at?"

Scholar: "Nothing."

Teacher: "Then go nowhere. You may take this front seat."

More assembly, less first period.

We understand that Jesse Thorne, '12, is training for the Marathon run.

Eng. IV:

Teacher: "Why was the Pied Piper called 'pied'?"

Brilliant: "Because he 'spotted' the rats."

Heard in music:

Now the sopranos sing, "And so do I."

Freshman History:

"What was the last thing Caesar did?"

"He died."

Freshman No. 1: "Well, I should not want it before." Choke? Ha, ha! Extraordinary how bright our little Freshmen are becoming, isn't it? I suppose it is their association with people of wit and wisdom. The Seniors, for instance.

Why is liar an Anglo-Saxon word? Because it's commonly used in conversation.

Have you had any German? Do you think you could help me?

I know a little. I teach it.

? ? ? ? ? ? ? D.D., '09.

Freshman No. 1, speaking of a bright green cap at a basket ball game:

"Oh, my! what a lovely cap! I wonder where he got it? I wish he would leave it to me when I die."

Freshman No. 2: "When you die?"

THE GEOGRAPHIC CHILD

T

The earth outside is like a nut
And inside full of flame;
They say it's like an orange, but
It doesn't taste the same.

T.

A river is the funniest thing
That's on the map, I think,
It's something like a piece of string
And yet it's good to drink.

TTT

Volcanos vomit melted stone
And ashes blazing hot;
It seems to me I'd hate to own
A stomach like they've got.

ΙV

A mountain is a bumpy hurt, An isthmus is a path; An island is a lump of dirt Surrounded by a bath.

v

Geography, Geography, is such a pleasant study, It tells us why the ocean's dry and why the desert's muddy.

I study it at morning, at afternoon and then
The teacher keeps me in so I may study it again.

-A Physical Geography Student

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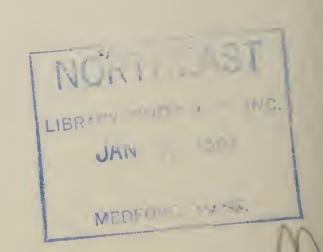
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